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THE Dramatick Works OF *Mr.* GEORGE FARQUHAR.

VOL. II.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for B. LINTOT, J. J. and P. KNAPTON, G. STRAHAN, and J. CLARKE; and sold by W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, the Corner of *Essex-Street*, in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXVI.

THE Recruiting Officer.

A COMEDY.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE:

By Her MAJESTY's Servants.

The ELEVENTH EDITION.

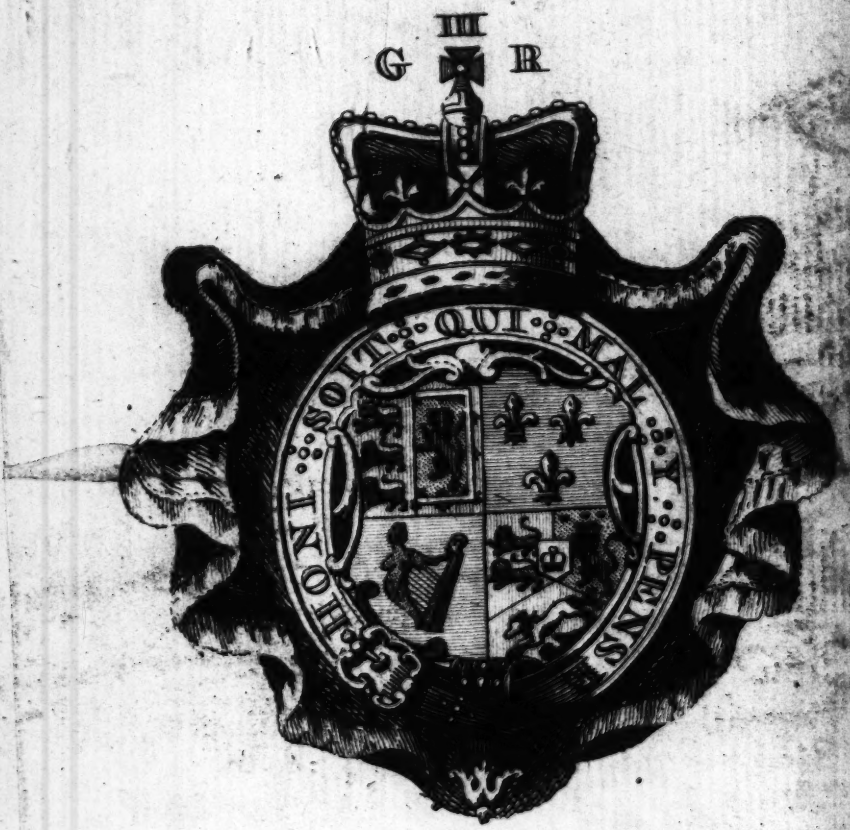
——*Captique dolis, donisque coacti.*
Virg. Lib. II. Æneid.

LONDON:

nted for BERNARD LINTOT; and sold by W. FEALES, at *Rowe's-Head*, against *St. Clement's* Church in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XXXIII.

G. Ball
BR. MUS.



TO ALL

RIENDS round the *WREKIN.*

ly, Lords and Gentlemen,

STEAD of the mercenary Expectations that at-
tend Addreſſes of this Nature, I humbly beg, that
may be received as an Acknowledgment for the
ours you have already conferr'd; I have tranſ-
s'd the Rules of Dedication in offering you any
g in that Style, without firſt asking your Leave:
the Entertainment I found in *Shropſhire*, com-
ds me to be grateful, and that's all I intend.
was my good Fortune to be order'd ſome time ago
the Place which is made the Scene of this Co-
y; I was a perfect Stranger to every thing in *Sa-*
but its Character of Loyalty, the Number of its
bitants, the Alacrity of the Gentlemen in Recruit-
the Army, with their generous and hoſpitable
eption of Strangers.

his Character I found ſo amply verify'd in every
icular, that you made Recruiting, which is the
teſt Fatigue upon Earth to others, to be the grea-
Pleaſure in the World to me.

he Kingdom cannot ſhew better Bodies of Men,
r Inclinations for the Service, more Generoſity,
e good Underſtanding, nor more Politeneſs than
be found at the Foot of the *Wrekin*.

me little Turns of Humour that I met with al-
within the Shade of that famous Hill, gave the
to this Comedy; and People were apprehenſive

that, by the Example of some others, I would make the Town merry at the Expence of the Country Gentlemen: But they forgot that I was to write a Comedy, not a Libel; and that whilst I held to Nature no Person of any Character in your Country could suffer by being expos'd. I have drawn the Justice and the Clown in their *Puris Naturalibus*; the one an apprehensive, sturdy, brave Blockhead; and the other a worthy, honest, generous Gentleman, heartily in his Country's Cause, and of as good an Understanding as I could give him, which I must confess is far short of his own.

I humbly beg leave to interline a Word or two in the Adventures of the *Retruiting Officer* upon the Stage. Mr. *Rich*, who commands the Company for which those Recruits were rais'd, has desir'd me to acquaint him before the World of a Charge which he thinks lies heavy upon him, for acting this Play on Mr. *Durfey*'s third Night.

Be it known unto all Men by these Presents, That it was my Act and Deed, or rather Mr. *Durfey*'s; for he *wou'd* play his third Night against the first of mine. He brought down a huge Flight of frightful Birds upon me; when (Heaven knows) I had not a feather'd Foul in my Play, except one single *Kite*: But I presently made *Plume* a Bird, because of his Name, and *Brazen* another, because of the Feather in his Hat; and with these three I engag'd his whole Empire, which I think was as great a *Wonder* as any in *the Sun*.

But to answer his Complaints more gravely, the Season was far advanc'd; the Officers that made the greatest Figures in my Play, were all commanded to their Posts abroad, and waited only for a Wind, which might possibly turn in less than a Day: And I know none of Mr. *Durfey*'s Birds, that had Posts abroad but his *Woodcocks*, and their Season is over; so that he might put off a Day with less Prejudice than the *Recruiting-Officer* cou'd; who has this farther to say for himself

nſelf, that he was poſted before the other ſpoke, and ld not with Credit recede from his Station.

Theſe and ſome other Rubs this Comedy met with ore it appear'd. But on the other hand, it had werful Helps to ſet it forward: The Duke of *Or-d* encouraged the Author, and the Earl of *Orrery* prov'd the Play. *My Recruits* were *Review'd* by my *neral* and my *Colonel*, and could not fail to *paſs fter*; and ſtill to add to my Succeſs, they were s'd among my *Friends round the* Wrekin.

This Health has the advantage over our other cele-ted Toaſts, never to grow worſe for the wearing: is a laſting Beauty, old without Age, and common thout Scandal. That you may live long to ſet it earfully round, and to enjoy the abundant Plea-ſes of your fair and plentiful Country, is the heart-iſh of,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your moſt obedient,

and moſt obliged Servant,

G. FARQUHAR.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN ancient Times when Hellen's *fatal Charms*
Rous'd the contending Universe to Arms,
The Grecian *Council happily deputes*
The sly Ulysses *forth to raise Recruits.*
The artful Captain found, without delay,
Where Great Achilles, *a Deserter lay.*
Him Fate had warn'd to shun the Trojan *Blows:*
Him Greece *requir'd——against their* Trojan *Foes.*
All the Recruiting Arts were needful here,
To raise this great, this tim'rous Volunteer.
Ulysses *well could talk——He stirs, he warms*
The Warlike Youth——He listens to the Charms
Of Plunder, fine lac'd Coats, and glitt'ring Arms.
Ulysses *caught the Young aspiring Boy,*
And listed him who wrought the Fate of Troy.
Thus by Recruiting was bold Hector *slain:*
Recruiting thus fair Hellen *did regain.*
If for one Hellen *such prodigious things*
Were acted, that they even listed Kings;
If for one Hellen's *artful, vicious Charms,*
Half the transported World was found in Arms:

What

PROLOGUE.

hat for so many Hellens *may We dare,*
hose Minds *as well as* Faces *are so* Fair?
by one Hellen's *Eyes, old* Greece *cou'd find*
Homer *fir'd to write——ev'n* Homer *blind*;
be Britons, *sure beyond compare may write,*
hat view so many Hellens *ev'ry Night.*

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Mr. *Ballance*, Mr. *Scale*, Mr. *Scruple*,	Three Justices.	Mr. *Keen*. Mr. *Philips*. Mr. *Kent*.
Mr. *Worthy*, a Gentleman of *Shropshire*.		Mr. *Williams*.
Capt. *Plume*, Capt. *Brazen*,	Two Recruiting Officers.	Mr. *Wilks*. Mr. *Cibber*.
Kite, Serjeant to *Plume*.		Mr. *Estcourt*.
Bullock, a Country Clown.		Mr. *Bullock*.
Costar Pear-main, Tho. *Apple-Tree*.	Two Recruits.	Mr. *Norris*. Mr. *Fairbank*.

WOMEN.

Melinda, a Lady of Fortune.	Mrs. *Rogers*.
Sylvia, Daughter to *Ballance*, in love with *Plume*.	Mrs. *Oldfield*.
Lucy, *Melinda*'s Maid.	Mrs. *Sapsford*.
Rose, a Country Wench.	Mrs. *Mountfort*.

Constable, Recruits, Mob, Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, *SHREWSBURY*.

THE Recruiting Officer.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Market-Place—Drums beats the Granadeer-March.*

Enter Serjeant Kite *follow'd by the Mob.*

Kite *making a Speech.*

IF any Gentlemen Soldiers, or others, have a mind to serve her Majesty, and pull down the *French* King: If any Prentices have severe Masters, any Children have undutiful Parents: If any Servants have too little Wages, or any Husband too much Wife: Let them repair to the noble Serjeant *Kite*, at the Sign of the *Raven* in this good Town of *Shrewsbury*, and they shall receive present Relief and Entertainment——Gentlemen, I don't beat my Drums here to insnare or inveigle any Man; for you must know, Gentlemen, that I am a Man of Honour: Besides, I don't beat up for common Soldiers; no, I list only Granadeers, Granadeers, Gentlemen——Pray, Gentlemen, observe this Cap——This is the

Cap of Honour, it dubs a Man a Gentleman in the drawing of a Tricker; and he that has the good Fortune to be born ſix Foot high, was born to be a great Man ——— Sir, will you give me leave to try this Cap upon your Head?

Mob. Is there no harm in't? Won't the Cap liſt me?

Kite. No, no, no more than I can——— Come, let me ſee how it becomes you.

Mob. Are you ſure there be no Conjuration in it? No Gunpowder Plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, Friend; don't fear, Man.

Mob. My Mind miſgives me plaguily——— Let me ſee it—— [*going to put it on.*] It ſmells woundily of Sweat and Brimſtone. Pray, Serjeant, what Writing is this upon the Face of it?

Kite. The Crown, or the Bed of Honour.

Mob. Pray now, what may be that ſame Bed of Honour?

Kite. O! A mighty large Bed! Bigger by half than the great Bed at *Ware*—ten thouſand People may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Mob. My Wife and I wou'd do well to lie in't, for we don't care for feeling one another——— But do Folk ſleep ſound in this ſame Bed of Honour!

Kite. Sound! Ay, ſo ſound that they never awake.

Mob. Wauns! I wiſh again that my Wife lay there.

Kite. Say you ſo? Then, I find, Brother———

Mob. Brother! Hold there, Friend; I am no Kindred to you that I know of yet——— Look'e, Serjeant, no Coaxing, no Wheedling, d'ye ſee——— If I have a mind to liſt, why ſo——— If not, why 'tis not ſo—— therefore take your Cap and your Brotherſhip back again, for I am not diſpos'd at this preſent Writing —No Coaxing, no Brothering me, Faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it! Sir, I have ſerv'd twenty Campaigns——— But, Sir, you talk well, and I muſt own that you are a Man every Inch of you, a pretty young ſprightly Fellow——— I love a Fellow with a Spirit; but I ſcorn to coax, 'tis baſe: Tho' I muſt ſay, that never in my Life have I ſeen a

Man

Lan better built; How firm and ſtrong he treads! He eps like a Caſtle; but I ſcorn to wheedle any Man— ome, honeſt Lad, will you take ſhare of a Pot?

Mob. Nay, for that matter, I'll ſpend my Penny ith the beſt He that wears a Head; that is, begging our Pardon, Sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your Hand then; and now, Gentlemen, I have no more to ſay, but this——— Here's a urſe of Gold, and there is a Tub of humming Ale my Quarters—'Tis the Queen's Money, and the ueen's Drink——She's a generous Queen, and loves r Subjects———I hope, Gentlemen, you won't reſe the Queen's Health?

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza then, huzza for the Queen, and the onour of *Shropſhire*.

All Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat Drum. [Exeunt, *Drum beating a Granaer's March.*

Enter Plume *in a Riding Habit.*

Plume. By the Granadeer March, that ſhou'd be my rum, and by that Shout, it ſhou'd beat with Sucſs——Let me ſee———Four a-Clock—[*Looking on Watch.*] At ten Yeſterday Morning I left *London* ———A Hundred and Twenty Miles in Thirty ours is pretty ſmart Riding, but nothing to the Faue of Recruiting.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Welcome to *Shropſhire*, noble Captain: From Banks of the *Danube* to the *Severn* ſide, noble ptain, you're welcome.

Plume. A very elegant Reception indeed, Mr. *Kite*. nd you are fairly enter'd into your Recruiting Strain ——Pray what Succeſs?

Kite. I have been here a Week, and I have recruit- Five.

Plume. Five! Pray what are they?

Kite. I have liſted the ſtrong Man of *Kent*, the ng of the *Gipſeys*, a *Scotch* Pedlar, a Scoundel Attor-,, and a *Welch* Parſon.

Plume.

Plume. An Attorney! Wert thou mad? Liſt a Lawyer! Diſcharge him, diſcharge him this Minute.

Kite. Why, Sir?

Plume. Becauſe I will have no body in my Company that can write; a Fellow that can write, can draw Petitions—I ſay this Minute diſcharge him.

Kite. And what ſhall I do with the Parſon?

Plume. Can he write?

Kite. Hum! He plays rarely upon the Fiddle.

Plume. Keep him by all means———But how ſtands the Country affected? Were the People pleas'd with the News of my coming to Town?

Kite. Sir, the Mob are ſo pleas'd with your Honour, and the Juſtices and better ſort of People are ſo delighted with me, that we ſhall ſoon do your Buſineſs———But, Sir, you have got a Recruit here, that you little think of.

Plume. Who!

Kite. One that you beat up for the laſt time you were in the Country: You remember your old Friend *Molly* at the Caſtle?

Plume. She's not with Child, I hope.

Kite. No, no, Sir,———ſhe was brought to Bed yeſterday.

Plume. Kite, you muſt father the Child.

Kite. And ſo her Friends will oblige me to marry the Mother.

Plume. If they ſhou'd, we'll take her with us; ſhe can waſh, you know, and make a Bed upon occaſion.

Kite. Ay, or unmake it upon occaſion. But your Honour knows that I am marry'd already.

Plume. To how many?

Kite. I can't tell readily———I have ſet them down here upon the back of the Muſter-Roll. [*Draws it out.*] Let me ſee,——— *Imprimis*, Mrs. *Sheely Snikereye*, ſhe ſells Potatoes upon *Ormond Key* in *Dublin*—Peg *Guzzle*, the Brandy Woman, at the Horſe Guard *Whitehall*——*Dolly Waggon*, the Carrier's Daughter at *Hull*—Madamoiſelle *Van-bottom-flat* at the *Buſs*—Then *Jenny Oakham*, the Ship-Carpenter's Widow

Portsmouth; but I don't reckon upon her, for she was marry'd at the same time to two Lieutenants of Marines, and a Man of War's Boatswain.

Plume. A full Company—You have nam'd five—come, make 'em half a dozen.——*Kite*,——is the Child a Boy or a Girl?

Kite. A Chopping Boy.

Plume. Then set the Mother down in your List, and the Boy in mine: Enter him a Granadeer by the Name of *Francis Kite*, absent upon Furlow—I'll allow you a Man's Pay for his Subsistence, and now go comfort the Wench in the Straw.

Kite. I shall, Sir.

Plume. But hold, have you made any use of your *German* Doctor's Habit since you arriv'd?

Kite. Yes, yes, Sir, and my Fame's all about the Country for the most faithful Fortune-teller, that ever told a Lye——I was obliged to let my Landlord into the Secret, for the Convenience of keeping it so; but he's an honest Fellow, and will be faithful to any Roguery that is trusted to him. This Device, Sir, will get you Men and me Money, which, I think, is all we want at present.——But yonder comes your Friend Mr. *Worthy*——Has your Honour any further Commands?

Plume. None at present. [*Exit* Kite.] 'Tis indeed the Picture of *Worthy*, but the Life's departed.

Enter Worthy.

What, Arms a-cross, *Worthy!* Methinks you should hold 'em open, when a Friend's so near—— The Man has got the Vapours in his Ears, I believe: I must excite this melancholy Spirit.

Spleen, thou worst of Fiends below,
Fly, I conjure thee, by this Magick Blow.

[*Slaps* Worthy *on the Shoulder.*

Wor. Plume! my dear Captain, welcome. Safe and sound return'd!

Plume. I 'scap'd safe from *Germany*, and sound, I hope, from *London*; you see I have lost neither Leg, Arm,

Arm, nor Nose; then for my Inside, 'tis neither troubled with Sympathies nor Antipathies; and I have an excellent Stomach for Roast-Beef.

Wor. Thou art a happy Fellow, once I was so.

Plume. What ails thee, Man? No Inundations nor Earthquakes in *Wales*, I hope? Has your Father rose from the Dead, and re-assum'd his Estate?

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are marry'd surely.

Wor. No.

Plume. Then you are mad, or turning Quaker.

Wor. Come, I must out with it——Your once gay roving Friend, is dwindled into an obsequious thoughtful, romantick, constant Coxcomb.

Plume. And pray what is all this for?

Wor. For a Woman.

Plume. Shake Hands, Brother, if thou go to that; behold me as obsequious, as thoughtful, and as constant a Coxcomb as your Worship.

Wor. For whom?

Plume. For a Regiment——— But for a Woman! 'Sdeath! I have been constant to fifteen at a time, but never melancholy for one, and can the Love of one bring you into this Condition? Pray, who is this wonderful *Hellen!*

Wor. A *Hellen* indeed, not to be won under a ten Year's Siege, as great a Beauty, and as great a Jilt.

Plume. A Jilt! Pho! Is she as great a Whore?

Wor. No, no.

Plume. 'Tis ten thousand pities: But who is she? Do I know her?

Wor. Very well.

Plume. That's impossible——— I know no Woman that will hold out a ten Year's Siege.

Wor. What think you of *Melinda?*

Plume. Melinda! Why, she begun to capitulate this time Twelve-month, and offer'd to surrender upon honourable Terms; and I advised you to propose a Settlement of five hundred Pounds a Year to her, before I went last abroad.

Wor. I did, and ſhe hearken'd to it, deſiring only one Week to conſider——When, beyond her Hopes, the Town was reliev'd, and I forc'd to turn my Siege into a Blockade.

Plume. Explain, explain.

Wor. My Lady *Richly*, her Aunt in *Flintſhire* dies, and leaves her, at this critical time, twenty thouſand Pounds.

Plume. Oh the Devil! what a delicate Woman was there ſpoil'd! But by the Rules of War now——— *Worthy*, Blockade was fooliſh——After ſuch a Convoy of Proviſions was enter'd the Place, you could have no thought of reducing it by Famine; you ſhould have redoubled your Attacks, taken the Town by ſtorm, or have died upon the Breach.

Wor. I did make one general Aſſault, and puſh'd it with all my Force; but I was ſo vigorouſly repuls'd, that deſpairing of ever gaining her for a Miſtreſs, I have alter'd my Conduct, given my Addreſſes the obſequious and diſtant turn, and court her now for a Wife.

Plume. So as you grew obſequious, ſhe grew haughty; and becauſe you approach'd her as a Goddeſs, ſhe us'd you like a Dog.

Wor. Exactly.

Plume. 'Tis the way of them all.——Come, *Worthy*, your obſequious and diſtant Airs will never bring you together; you muſt not think to ſurmount her pride by your Humility: Wou'd you bring her to better Thoughts of you, ſhe muſt be reduc'd to a meaner Opinion of herſelf. Let me ſee, the very firſt thing that I would do, ſhould be to lie with her Chamber-maid, and hire three or four Wenches in the Neighbourhood to report that I had got them with child——Suppoſe we lampoon'd all the pretty Women in Town, and left her out; or, what if we made a Ball, and forgot to invite her with one or two of the Beſt.

Wor. Theſe wou'd be Mortifications, I muſt confeſs; but we live in ſuch a preciſe, dull Place, that we can have

have no Balls, no Lampoons, no———

Plume. What; no Baſtards! and ſo many Recruiting Officers in Town! I thought 'twas a Maxim among them, to leave as many Recruits in the Country as they carried out.

Wor. No body doubts your good Will, noble Captain, in ſerving your Country with your beſt Blood, witneſs our Friend *Molly* at the Caſtle: there have been Tears in Town about that Buſineſs Captain.

Plume. I hope *Sylvia* has not heard of it.

Worthy. O Sir, have you thought of her? I began to fancy you had forgot your *Sylvia.*

Plume. Your Affairs had quite put mine out of my Head. 'Tis true, *Sylvia* and I had once agreed to go to Bed together, cou'd we have adjuſted Preliminaries; but ſhe wou'd have the Wedding before Conſummation, and I was for Conſummation before the Wedding; we cou'd not agree. She was a pert, obſtinate Fool, and wou'd loſe her Maidenhead her own way, ſo ſhe may keep it for *Plume.*

Wor. But do you intend to marry upon no other Conditions?

Plume. Your Pardon, Sir, I'll marry upon no Condition at all.———If I ſhou'd, I am reſolv'd never to bind my ſelf to a Woman for my whole Life, 'till I know whether I ſhall like her Company for half an Hour. Suppoſe I married a Woman that wanted a Leg———ſuch a thing might be, unleſs I examin'd the Goods beforehand———if People wou'd but try one another's Conſtitutions before they engag'd, it would prevent all theſe Elopements, Divorces, and the Devil knows what.

Wor. Nay, for that matter, the Town did not ſtick to ſay, that———

Plume. I hate Country-Towns for that Reaſon—if your Town has a diſhonourable Thought of *Sylvia,* it deſerves to be be burnt to the Gound.———I love *Sylvia,* I admire her frank, generous Diſpoſition——There's ſomething in that Girl more than Woman, her Sex is but a Foil to her. The Ingratitude, Diſſimulation,

mulation, Envy, Pride, Avarice, and Vanity of her Sister Females, do but set off their Contraries in her—In short, were I once a General, I wou'd marry her.

Wor. Faith, you have Reason——for were you but a Corporal, she wou'd marry you——But my *Melinda* coquets it with every Fellow she sees——I'll lay Fifty Pound she makes Love to you.

Plume. I'll lay Fifty Pound that I return it, if she does—Look'e, *Worthy*, I'll win her, and give her to you afterwards.

Wor. If you win her, you shall wear her, Faith; I wou'd not value the Conquest, without the Credit of the Victory.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Captain, a Word in your Ear.

Plume. You may speak out, here are none but Friends.

Kite. You know, Sir, that you sent me to comfort the good Woman in the Straw, Mrs. *Molly*——my Wife, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. O ho! very well! I wish you Joy, Mr. *Kite*.

Kite. Your Worship very well may——for I have got both a Wife and a Child in half an Hour—But as I was saying—You sent me to comfort Mrs. *Molly*,—my Wife I mean——But what d'ye think, Sir? She was better comforted before I came.

Plume. As how?

Kite. Why, Sir, a Footman in a blue Livery had brought her ten Guineas to buy her Baby-clothes.

Plume. Who, in the Name of Wonder, could send them?

Kite. Nay, Sir, I must whisper that—Mrs. *Sylvia*. [*Whispers.*

Plume. Sylvia! Generous Creature!

Wor. Sylvia! Impossible!!

Kite. Here are the Guineas, Sir,——I took the Gold as part of my Wife's Portion. Nay, farther, Sir, she sent word the Child should be taken all imaginable care of, and that she intends to stand Godmother. The same Footman, as I was coming to

you

you with this News, call'd after me, and told me, that his Lady wou'd ſpeak with me——I went, and upon hearing that you were come to Town, ſhe gave me half a Guinea for the News; and order'd me to tell you, that Juſtice *Ballance*, her Father, who is juſt come out of the Country, wou'd be glad to ſee you.

Plume. There's a Girl for you, *Worthy*——Is there any thing of Woman in this? No, 'tis noble, generous, manly Friendſhip; ſhew me another Woman that wou'd loſe an Inch of her Prerogative——that way, without Tears, Fits and Reproaches. The common jealouſy of her Sex, which is nothing but their Avarice and Pleaſure, ſhe deſpiſes: and can part with the Lover, tho' ſhe dies for the Man—Come *Worthy*—Where's the beſt Wine? For there I'll quarter.

Wor. Horton has a freſh Pipe of choice *Bartelona*, which I wou'd not let him pierce before, becauſe I reſerv'd the Maidenhead of it for your Welcome to Town.

Plume. Let's away then——Mr. *Kite*, wait on the Lady with my humble Service, and tell her, I ſhall only refreſh a little, and wait on her.

Wor. Hold, *Kite*,——have you ſeen the other Recruiting Captain?

Kite. No, Sir.

Plume. Another! who is he?

Wor. My Rival in the firſt place, and the moſt unaccountable Fellow——but I'll tell you more as we go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Melinda *and* Sylvia *meeting.*

Mel. Welcome to Town, Couſin *Sylvia*, [*Salute.*] I envy'd you your Retreat in the Country; for *Shrewsbury*, methinks, and all your Heads of Shires, are the moſt irregular Places for living; here we have Smoak, Noiſe, Scandal, Affectation, and Pretenſion; in ſhort, every thing to give the Spleen——and nothing to divert it——then the Air is intolerable.

Syl.

Syl. O Madam! I have heard the Town commended for its Air.

Mel. But you don't conſider, *Sylvia*, how long I have liv'd in't; for I can aſſure you, that to a Lady, the leaſt nice in her Conſtitution——no Air can be good above half a Year. Change of Air, I take to be the moſt agreeable of any Variety in Life.

Syl. As you ſay, Couſin *Melinda*, there are ſeveral Sorts of Airs.

Mel. Pſha? I talk only of the Air we breathe, or more properly of that we taſte——Have not you, *Sylvia*, found a vaſt Difference in the Taſte of Airs?

Syl. Pray, Couſin, are not Vapours a Sort of Air? Taſte Air! you might as well tell me I may feed upon Air! But prithee, my dear *Melinda*, don't put on ſuch an Air to me. Your Education and mine were juſt the ſame; and I remember the time, when we never troubled our Heads about Air, but when the ſharp Air from the *Welch* Mountains made our Fingers ake in a cold Morning at the Boarding-School.

Mel. Our Education, Couſin, was the ſame, but our Temperaments had nothing alike; you had the Conſtitution of an Horſe.

Syl. So far to be troubled with neither Spleen, Cholick, nor Vapours; I need no Salts for my Stomach, no Hart's-horn for my Head, nor Waſh for my Complexion. I can gallop all the Morning after the Hunting-horn, and all the Evening after a Fiddle. In ſhort, I can do every thing with my Father, but drink, and ſhoot flying; and I'm ſure, I can do every thing my Mother cou'd, were I put to the Trial.

Mel. You are in a fair way of being put to't; for I am told your Captain is come to Town.

Syl. Ay, *Melinda*, he is come, and I'll take care he ſha'n't go without a Companion.

Mel. You are certainly mad, Couſin.

Syl. And there's a Pleaſure in being mad, which none but Madmen know.

Mel. Thou poor Romantick *Quixot!*——Haſt thou the Vanity to imagine, that a young ſprightly Officer, that

that rambles o'er half the Globe in half a Year, can confine his Thoughts to the little Daughter of a Country Justice, in an obscure part of the World?

Syl. Psha! what care I for his thoughts; I shou'd not like a Man with confin'd Thoughts, it shews a Narrowness of Soul. Constancy is but a dull sleepy Quality at best, they will hardly admit it among the manly Virtues; nor do I think it deserves a Place with Bravery, Knowledge, Policy, Justice, and some other Qualities that are proper to that noble Sex. In short, *Melinda*, I think a Petticoat a mighty simple thing, and I am heartily tir'd of my Sex.

Mel. That is, you are tir'd of an Appendix to your Sex, that you can't so handsomely get rid of in Petticoats, as if you were in Breeches——O, my Conscience, *Sylvia*, hadst thou been a Man, thou hadst been the greatest Rake in Christendom.

Syl. I shou'd have endeavour'd to know the World, which a Man can never do thoroughly, without half a hundred Friendships, and as many Amours; but now I think on't, how stands your Affair with Mr. *Worthy*?

Mel. He's my Aversion.

Syl. Vapours!

Mel. What do you say, Madam?

Syl. I say, that you shou'd not use that honest Fellow so inhumanly. He's a Gentleman of Parts and Fortune; and besides that, he's my *Plume*'s Friend, and by all that's sacred if you don't use him better, I shall expect Satisfaction.

Mel. Satisfaction! you begin to fancy your self in Breeches in good earnest——But to be plain with you, I like *Worthy* the worse for being so intimate with your Captain; for I take him to be a loose, idle, unmannerly Coxcomb.

Syl. O, Madam! you never saw him, perhaps, since you were Mistress of Twenty Thousand Pound; you only knew him when you were capitulating with *Worthy* for a Settlement, which perhaps might encourage him to be a little loose, and unmannerly with you.

Mel. What do you mean, Madam?

Syl.

Syl. My Meaning needs no Interpretation, Madam.

Mel. Better it had, Madam; for methinks you are too plain.

Syl. If you mean the Plainness of my Person, I think your Ladyship's as plain as me to the full.

Mel. Were I sure of that, I wou'd be glad to take up with a Rakehelly Officer, as you do.

Syl. Again! Look'e, Madam, you're in your own House.

Mel. And if you had kept in yours, I shou'd have excus'd you.

Syl. Don't be troubled, Madam, I shan't desire to have my Visit return'd.

Mel. The sooner therefore you make an end of this, the better.

Syl. I am easily perswaded to follow my Inclinations, so, Madam, your humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Mel. Saucy Thing?

Enter Lucy.

Luc. What's the matter, Madam?

Mel. Did you not see the proud Nothing, how she swell'd upon the arrival of her Fellow?

Luc. Her Fellow has not been long enough arrived to occasion any great Swelling, Madam; I don't believe she has seen him yet.

Mel. Nor she'n't, if I can help it—Let me see—I have it—Bring me Pen and Ink—hold, I'll go write in my Closet.

Luc. An Answer to this Letter, I hope, Madam. [*Presents a Letter.*

Mel. who sent it.

Luc. Your Captain, Madam.

Mel. He's a Fool, and I'm tir'd of him. Send it back unopen'd.

Luc. The Messenger's gone, Madam.

Mel. Then how shou'd I send an Answer? Call him back immediately, while I go write. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the first ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *An Apartment.*

Enter Juſtice Ballance *and* Plume.

Ball. LOok'e, Captain, give us but Blood for our Money, and you ſha'n't want Men. I remember that for ſome Years of the late War, we had no Blood, no Wounds, but in the Officers Mouths; nothing for our Millions but News-Papers not worth a Reading——Our Army did nothing but play at Priſon Bars, and hide and ſeek with our Enemy; but now ye have brought us Colours, and Standards, and Priſoners—— Ad's my Life, Captain, get us but another Marſhal of *France*, and I'll go my ſelf for a Soldier——

Plume. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, how does your fair Daughter?

Ball. Ah, Captain! What is my Daughter to a Marſhal of *France*? We're upon a Nobler Subject. I want to have a particular Deſcription of the Battle of *Hockſtet.*

Plume. The Battle, Sir, was a very pretty Battle as any one ſhou'd deſire to ſee, but we were all ſo intent upon Victory, that we never minded the Battle: all that I know of the matter, is, our General commanded us to beat the *French*, and we did ſo; and if he pleaſes but to ſay the Word, we'll do't again. But pray, Sir, how does Mrs. *Sylvia?*

Ball. Still upon *Sylvia!* For ſhame, Captain, you are engag'd already, wedded to the War; Victory is your Miſtreſs, and 'tis below a Soldier to think of any other.

Plume. As a Miſtreſs, I confeſs; but as a Friend, Mr. *Ballance.*

Ball. Come, come, Captain, never mince the Matter, wou'd not you debauch my Daughter, if you cou'd?

Plume. How, Sir! I hope ſhe's not to be debauch'd.

Ball.

Ball. Faith, but she is, Sir; and any Woman in *England* of her Age and Complexion, by a Man of your outh and Vigour. Look'e, Captain, once I was ung, and once an Officer as you are; and I can gueſs your Thoughts now, by what mine were then; and remember very well, that I would have given one my Legs to have deluded the Daughter of an old ountry Gentleman, as like mine as I was then like u.

Plume. But, Sir, was that Country Gentleman your iend and Benefactor?

Ball. Not much of that.

Plume. There the Compariſon breaks; the Favours, , that———

Ball. Pho, I hate Speeches; if I have done you any rvice, Captain, 'twas to pleaſe myſelf; for I love ee, and if I could part with my Girl, you ſhou'd have as ſoon as any young Fellow I know: But I hope u have more Honour than to quit the Service, and more Prudence than to follow the Camp; but ſhe's her own Diſpoſal, ſhe has fifteen Hundred Pound in Pocket, and ſo, *Sylvia, Sylvia.* [*Calls.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. There are ſome Letters, Sir, come by the Poſt m *London*, I left them upon the Table in your Cloſet.

Ball. And here is a Gentleman from *Germany*. [*Preſents* Plume *to her.*] Captain, you'll excuſe me, I'll go read my Letters, and wait on you. [*Exit.*

Syl. Sir, you are welcome to *England*.

Plume. You are indebted to me a Welcome, Madam, e the Hopes of receiving it from this fair Hand, the principal Cauſe of my ſeeing *England*.

Syl. I have often heard, that Soldiers were ſincere, l I venture to believe publick Report?

Plume. You may, when 'tis back'd by private Inance; for I ſwear, Madam, by the Honour of my ſeſſion, that whatever Dangers I went upon, it was h the Hope of making my ſelf more worthy of your em; and if ever I had Thoughts of preſerving my , 'twas for the Pleaſure of dying at your Feet.

Syl. Well, well, you shall die at my Feet, or where you will; but you know, Sir, there's a certain Will and Testament to be made before-hand.

Plume. My Will, Madam, is made already, and there it is; and if you please to open that Parchment which was drawn the Evening before the Battle of *Blenheim*, you will find whom I left my Heir.

Syl. Mrs. *Sylvia Ballance*, [*Opens the Will and reads.*] Well, Captain, this is a handsome and substantial Compliment; but I can assure you, I am much better pleased with the bare Knowledge of your Intention, than I shou'd have been in the Possession of your Legacy: But methinks, Sir, you should have left something to your little Boy at the *Castle*.

Plume. That's home, [*Aside.*] My little Boy! Lack-a-day, Madam, that alone may convince you 'twas none of mine; why the Girl, Madam, is my Serjeant's Wife, and so the poor Creature gave out that I was Father in hopes that my Friends might support her in Case of Necessity,———That was all, Madam,——My Boy! No, no, no.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Master has received some ill News from *London*, and desires to speak with you immediately, and he begs the Captain's Pardon, that he can't wait on him as he promis'd.

Plume. Ill News! Heavens avert it, nothing could touch me nearer than to see that generous worthy Gentleman afflicted: I'll leave you to comfort him, and be assur'd, that if my Life and Fortune can be any way serviceable to the Father of my *Sylvia*, he shall freely command both.

Syl. The Necessity must be very pressing, that would engage me to endanger either.

[Exeunt *severally*.

SCENE, *Another Apartment.*

Enter Ballance *and* Sylvia.

Syl. Whilst there is Life, there is Hopes, Sir; perhaps my Brother may recover.

Ba.

Ball. We have but little Reason to expect it; Doctor *Tillman* acquaints me here, that before this comes to y Hands, he fears I shall have no Son—Poor *Owen!* But the Decree is just, I was pleas'd with the Death my Father, because he left me an Estate, and now m punish'd with Loss of an Heir to inherit mine; must now look upon you as the only Hopes of my mily, and I expect that the Augmentation of your rtune will give you fresh Thoughts, and new Projects.

Syl. My Desire of being punctual in my Obedience, quires that you would be plain in your Commands, r.

Ball. The Death of your Brother makes you sole eiress to my Estate, which you know is about twelve ndred Pounds a Year: This Fortune gives you a fair aim to Quality, and a Title; you must set a just Va- upon your self, and in plain Terms, think no more Captain *Plume*.

Syl. You often commended the Gentleman, Sir.

Ball. And do so still, he's a very pretty Fellow; but ' I lik'd him well enough for a bare Son-in-Law, I n't approve of him for an Heir to my Estate and mily; fifteen hundred Pounds indeed I might trust his Hands, and it might do the young Fellow a ndness, but,————ods my Life, twelve hundred nd a Year would ruin him, quite turn his Brain: Captain of Foot worth twelve hundred Pounds a r! 'Tis a Prodigy in Nature. Besides this, I e five or six thousand Pounds in Woods upon my ate; Oh! That wou'd make him stark mad: For must know, that all Captains have a mighty rsion to Timber, they can't endure to see Trees ding. Then I shou'd have some Rogue of a lder, by the help of his damn'd Magick Art, transm my noble Oaks and Elms into Cornishes, Portals, es, Birds, Beasts, and Devils, to adorn some magy, new-fashion'd Bauble upon the *Thames*; and you shou'd have a Dog of a Gardener bring a *beas Corpus* for my *Terra firma*, remove it to *Chel-*

ſea, or *Twittenham*, and clap it into Graſs-Plats, and Gravel-Walks.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's one with a Letter below for your Worſhip, but he will deliver it into no hands but your own.

Ball. Come, ſhew me the Meſſenger.

[*Exit with Servant.*

Syl. Make the Diſpute between Love and Duty, and I am Prince *Prettyman* exactly.——If my Brother dies, ah poor Brother! If he lives, ah poor Siſter! 'Tis bad both ways; I'll try it again.——Follow my own Inclinations, and break my Father's Heart; or obey his Commands, and break my own; worſe and worſe. Suppoſe I take it thus? A moderate Fortune, a pretty Fellow and a Pad; or a fine Eſtate, a Coach and ſix, and an Aſs———That will never do neither.

Enter Juſtice Ballance *and* Servant.

Ball. Put four Horſes into the Coach. [*To a Servant who goes out.*] Ho, *Sylvia!*

Syl. Sir!

Ball. How old were you when your Mother dy'd?

Syl. So young, that I don't remember I ever had one; and you have been ſo careful, ſo indulgent to me ſince, that indeed I never wanted one.

Ball. Have I ever deny'd you any thing you aſk'd of me?

Syl. Never that I remember.

Ball. Then *Sylvia*, I muſt beg that once in your Life you wou'd grant me a Favour.

Syl. Why ſhou'd you queſtion it, Sir?

Ball. I don't, but I wou'd rather counſel than command; I don't propoſe this with the Authority of a Parent, but as the Advice of your Friend; that you would take the Coach this Moment, and go into the Country.

Syl. Does this Advice, Sir, proceed from the Contents of the Letter you receiv'd juſt now?

Ball. No matter, I'll be with you in three or four Days, and then give you my Reaſons——But before you go, I expect you will make me one ſolemn Promiſe

Syl. Propose the thing, Sir?

Ball. That you will never dispose of yourself to any Man, without my Consent.

Syl. I promise.

Ball. Very well, and to be even with you, I promise never will dispose of you without your own Consent: nd so, *Sylvia*, the Coach is ready; farewel. [*Lends er to the Door, and returns.*] Now she's gone, I'll examine the Contents of this Letter a little nearer.

[*Reads.*

SIR,

MY Intimacy with Mr. Worthy *has drawn a Secret from him, that he had from his Friend Captain* Plume; *and my Friendship and Relation to your Family oblige me to give you timely notice of it: The Captain has dishonourable Designs upon my Cousin* Sylvia. *Evils of this Nature are more easily prevented than mended; and that you would immediately send my Cousin to the Country, is the Advice of,*

Sir, your humble Servant,

MELINDA.

Why the Devil's in the young Fellows of this Age, ey are ten times worse than they were in my time: ad he made my Daughter a Whore, and forsworn it e a Gentleman, I cou'd have almost pardon'd it; t to tell Tales beforehand, is monstrous——Hang it, can fetch down a Woodcock or Snipe, and why not Hat and Feather? I have a Case of good Pistols, and ve a good mind to try.

Enter Worthy.

Worthy! Your Servant.

Wor. I am sorry, Sir, to be the Messenger of ill ews.

Ball. I apprehend it, Sir; you have heard that my n *Owen* is past Recovery.

Wor. My Letter says he's dead, Sir.

Ball. He's happy, and I am satisfied: The Strokes Heaven I can bear; but Injuries from Men, Mr. *Worthy*, are not so easily supported.

Wor. I hope, Sir, you're under no Apprehenſion of Wrong from any body.

Ball. You know I ought to be.

Wor. You wrong my Honour, Sir, in believing I cou'd know any thing to your prejudice, without reſenting it as much as you ſhou'd.

Ball. This Letter, Sir, which I tear in pieces to conceal the Perſon that ſent it, informs me, that *Plume* has a Deſign upon *Sylvia*, and that you are Privy to't.

Wor. Nay then, Sir, I muſt do my ſelf Juſtice, and endeavour to find out the Author [*Takes up a Bit.*] Sir, I know the Hand, and if you refuſe to diſcover the Contents, *Melinda* ſhall tell me. [*Going.*

Ball. Hold, Sir, the Contents I have told you already, only with this Circumſtance, that her Intimacy with Mr. *Worthy*, had drawn the Secret from him.

Wor. Her Intimacy with me! Dear Sir, let me pick up the Pieces of this Letter; 'twill give me ſuch a Power over her Pride, to have her own an Intimacy under her Hand: 'Twas the luckieſt Accident [*Gathering up the Letter.*] The Aſperſion, Sir, was nothing but Malice, the Effect of a little Quarrel between her and Mrs. *Sylvia*.

Ball. Are you ſure of that, Sir?

Wor. Her Maid gave me the Hiſtory of part of the Battle, juſt now as ſhe over-heard it. But I hope, Sir, your Daughter has ſuffered nothing upon the account.

Ball. No, no, poor Girl, ſhe's ſo afflicted with the News of her Brother's Death, that to avoid Company ſhe begg'd leave to be gone into the Country.

Wor. And is ſhe gone?

Ball. I cou'd not refuſe her, ſhe was ſo preſſing: the Coach went from the Door the Minute before you came.

Wor. So preſſing to be gone, Sir! — I find her Fortune will give her the ſame Airs with *Melinda*, and then *Plume* and I may laugh at one another.

Ball. Like enough, Women are ſubject to Pride as we are, and why mayn't great Women as well as great

eat Men, forget their old Acquaintance?—But come, here's this young Fellow? I love him so well, it ould break the Heart of me to think him a Rascal—m glad my Daughter's gone fairly off tho'. [*Aside.*] here does the Captain quarter?

Wor. At *Horton's*; I am to meet him there two ours hence, and we shall be glad of your Comny.

Ball. Your Pardon, dear *Worthy*, I must allow a y or two to the Death of my Son: The Decorum of ourning is what we owe the World, because they y it to us afterwards. I am yours over a Bottle, or w you will.

Wor. Sir, I'm your humble Servant.

[Exeunt *severally*.

SCENE, *the Street.*

nter Kite, *with a Mob in each Hand drunk*———

Kite *sings.*

Our Prentice Tom *may now refuse*
To wipe his scoundrel Master's Shoes;
For now he's free to sing and play,
Over the Hills, and far away.——*Over*, &c.

[The Mob sing the Chorus.

We shall lead more happy Lives,
By getting rid of Brats and Wives,
That scold and brawl both Night and Day;
Over the Hills, and far away.——*Over*, &c.

Kite. Hey Boys! Thus we Soldiers live! drink , dance, play; We live, as one shou'd say——— live———'tis impossible to tell how we live—We all Princes——Why——why, you are a King——u are an Emperor, and I'm a Prince——now——we———

1st *Mob.* No, Serjeant, I'll be Emperor.

Kite. No!

1st *Mob.* No, I'll be a Justice of Peace.

Kite. A Justice of Peace, Man!

1st *Mob.* Ay, wauns will I; for since this Pressing Act, they are greater than any Emperor under the Sun.

Kite. Done: You are a Justice of Peace, and you are a King, and I am a Duke, and a rum Duke, a'n't I?

2d *Mob.* Ay, but I'll be no King.

Kite. What then?

2d *Mob.* I'll be a Queen.

Kite. A Queen!

2d *Mob.* Ay, Queen of *England*, that's greater than any King of 'em all.

Kite. Bravely said, 'faith; Huzza for the Queen! [*Huzza!*] But heark'e, you, Mr. Justice, and you Mr. Queen, did you never see the Queen's Picture?

Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of 'em set in Gold, and as like her Majesty, God bless the Mark! See here, they are set in Gold. [*Takes two Broad Pieces out of his Pocket, gives one to each Mob.*

1st *Mob.* The wonderful Works of Nature! [*Looking at it.*

2d *Mob.* What's this written about? Here's a Posy, I believe, *Ca-ro-lus* ——What's that, Serjeant?

Kite. O! *Carolus!* —— Why *Carolus* is *Latin* for Queen *Anne*; that's all.

2d *Mob.* 'Tis a fine a thing to be a Schollard——Serjeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the Compass of a Crown.

Kite. A Crown! never talk of buying: 'tis the same thing, among Friends, you know; I'll present 'em to ye both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put 'em up, and remember your old Friend, when I am over the Hills and far away.

[*They sing, and put up the Money.*

Enter Plume *singing.*

Plume. *Over the Hills and o'er the Main,*
To Flanders, Portugal, *or* Spain: ——
The Queen commands, and we'll obey,
Over the Hills, and far away.

Come on my Men of Mirth, away with it, I'll make one among ye: Who are these hearty Lads?

Kite.

Kite. Off with your Hats; 'Ounds off with your ts: This is the Captain, the Captain.

ſt *Mob.* We have ſeen Captains afore now, Mun.

d *Mob.* Ay, and Lieutenant-Captains too; 'sfleſh; keep on my Nab.

ſt *Mob.* And I'ſe ſcarcely d'off mine for any Cap- in *England*: My Vether's a Freeholder.

Plume. Who are theſe jolly Lads, Serjeant?

Kite. A couple of honeſt brave Fellows that are ling to ſerve the Queen: I have entertain'd 'em now, as Volunteers, under your Honour's Com- nd.

Plume. And good Entertainment they ſhall have: lunteers are the Men I want, thoſe are the Men fit nake Soldiers, Captains, Generals.

ſt *Mob.* Wounds, *Tummas*, what's this! Are you d?

d *Mob.* Fleſh! not I: Are you, *Coſtar*?

ſt *Mob.* Wounds, not I.

Kite. What! not liſted! ha, ha, ha; a very good , i'faith.

ſt *Mob.* Come, *Tummas*, we'll go home.

d *Mob.* Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for ſhame, Gentlemen, behave your es better before your Captain: Dear *Tummas*, ho- *Coſtar*.

d *Mob.* No, no, we'll begone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to ſtay: I place both Centinels in this place, for two Hours, to ch the Motion of St. *Mary*'s Clock, you; and you Motion of St. *Chad*'s: And he that dares ſtir from Poſt 'till he be relieved, ſhall have my Sword in his s the next Minute.

Plume. What's the matter, Serjeant! I'm afraid you oo rough with theſe Gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, Sir: They diſobey Command, and one of 'em ſhou'd be ſhot for an Example to other.

ſt *Mob.* Shot, *Tummas!*

Plume. Come, Gentlemen what's the matter?

1ſt *Mob.* We don't know; the noble Serjeant is pleas'd to be in a Paſſion, Sir,——hnt——

Kite. They diſobey Command, they deny their being liſted.

2d *Mob.* Nay, Serjeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being ſhot; but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your Worſhip's Pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's eaſily known; have either of you received any of the Queen's Money?

1ſt *Mob.* Not a Braſs Farthing, Sir.

Kite. Sir, they have each of them receiv'd three and twenty Shillings and Six pence, and 'tis now in their Pockets.

1ſt *Mob.* Wounds, if I have a Penny in my Pocket but a bent Six-pence, I'll be content to be liſted, and ſhot into the Bargain.

2d *Mob.* And I; look ye here, Sir.

1ſt *Mob.* Ay, here's my Stock too: Nothing but the Queen's Picture, that the Serjeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a Broad-piece, three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence: t'other has the Fellow on't.

Plume. The Caſe is plain, Gentlemen, the Gold are found upon you: Thoſe Pieces of Gold are worth three and twenty and Six-pence each.

1ſt *Mob.* So it ſeems, that *Carolus* is three and twenty Shillings and Six-pence in *Latin*.

2d *Mob.* 'Tis the ſame thing in *Greek*, for we are liſted.

1ſt *Mob.* Fleſh! but we a'n't, *Tummas*; I deſire to be carried before the Mayor, Captain.

[*Captain and Serjeant whiſper the two Mobs.*

Plume. 'Twill never do, *Kite*——your damn'd Tricks will ruin me at laſt——I won't loſe the Fellows tho', if I can help it——Well, Gentlemen, there muſt be ſome Trick in this; my Serjeant offers to take his Oath that you are fairly liſted.

1ſt *Mob.* Why, Captain, we know that ſoldiers have more Liberty of Conſcience than other

Fol

olks; but for me, or Neighbour *Coſtar* here, to take ch an Oath, 'twou'd be downright Perjuration.

Plume. Look'e, Raſcal, you Villain, if I find that u have impos'd upon theſe two honeſt Fellows, I'll mple you to Death, you Dog——Come, how as't?

2d *Mob.* Nay then, we'll ſpeak; your Serjeant, as u ſay, is a Rogue, begging your Worſhip's Pardon and—

1ſt *Mob.* Nay, *Tummas*, let me ſpeak; you know I n read——And ſo, Sir, he gave us thoſe two eces of Money for Pictures of the Queen, by way of reſent.

Plume. How! by way of a Preſent! The Son of a hore! I'll teach him to abuſe honeſt Fellows, like u! Scoundrel, Rogue, Villain!

[*Beats off the Serjeant, and follows.*

Mob. O brave noble Captain! Huzza! a brave Cap- n, 'faith.

1ſt *Mob.* Now *Tummas*, *Carolus* is *Latin* for a Beat- : This is the braveſt Captain I ever ſaw—'Wounds ave a Month's Mind to go with him.

Enter Plume.

Plume. A Dog, to abuſe two ſuch honeſt Fellows as u.—Look'e, Gentlemen, I love a pretty Fellow, I me among you as an Officer to liſt Soldiers, not as a dnapper to ſteal Slaves.

1ſt *Mob.* Mind that, *Tummas*.

Plume. I deſire no Man to go with me, but as I went ſelf; I went a Volunteer, as you, or you, may do; a little time carried a Muſquet, and now I command Company.

2d *Mob.* Mind that, *Coſtar*: A ſweet Gentleman!

Plume. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, I might take an Ad- ntage of you; the Queen's Money was in your ckets, my Serjeant was ready to take his Oath you re liſted; but I ſcorn to do a baſe thing, you are h of you at liberty.

1ſt *Mob.* Thank you noble Captain—I'cod, I can't in my Heart to leave him, he talks ſo finely.

2d *Mob.*

2d *Mob.* Ay, *Coſtar*, wou'd he always hold in thi mind.

Plume. Come, my Lads, one thing more I'll tel you: you're both young tight Fellows, and the Army is the place to make you Men for ever: Every Ma has his Lot, and you have yours. What think yo now of a Purſe of *French* Gold out of a Monſieur Pocket, after you have daſh'd out his Brains with th But-end of your Firelock? eh!——

1ſt *Mob.* Wauns! I'll have it. Captain——give m a Shilling, I'll follow you to the end of the World.

2d *Mob.* Nay, dear *Coſtar*, do'na; be adviſ'd.

Plume. Here, my Hero, here are two Guineas ſo thee, as Earneſt of what I'll do farther for thee.

2d *Mob.* Do'na take it, do'na. dear *Coſtar*.

[*Cries and pulls back his Arm*

1ſt. *Mob.* I wull——I wull——Waunds, my Mi gives me, that I ſhall be a Captain myſelf——I tak your Money, Sir, and now I am a Gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy Hand, and now you and I wi travel the World o'er, and command it wherever w tread—Bring your Friend with you, if you can. [*Aſi*

1ſt *Mob.* Well *Tummas*, muſt we part?

2d *Mob.* No, *Coſtar*, I conno leave thee——Com Captain, I'll e'en go along too; and if you have tw honeſter ſimpler Lads in your Company, than we tw been, I'll ſay no more.

Plume. Here my Lad, [*Gives him Money.*] Now yo Name?

1ſt *Mob. Tummas Appletree.*

Plume. And yours?

2d *Mob. Coſter Pearmain.*

Plume. Born where?

1ſt *Mob.* Both in *Herefordſhire.*

Plume. Very well; Courage, my Lads——No we'll ſing, *Over the Hills and far away.*

Courage, Boys, 'tis One to Ten,
But we return all Gentlemen, &c. [*Exeu*

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *The Market-place.*

Enter Plume *and* Worthy.

Wor. I Cannot forbear admiring the Equality of our two Fortunes: We lov'd two Ladies, they met us half way, and juſt as we were upon the point of leaping into their Arms, Fortune drops into their Laps, Pride poſſeſſes their Hearts, a Maggot fills their Heads, Madneſs takes 'em by the Tails; they ſnort, kick up their Heels, and away they run.

Plume. And leave us here to mourn upon the Shore ——A couple of poor melancholy Monſters——What ſhall we do?

Wor. I have a Trick for mine; the Letter, you know, and the Fortune-teller.

Plume. And I have a Trick for mine.

Wor. What is't?

Plume. I'll never think of her again.

Wor. No!

Plume. No; I think myſelf above adminiſtring to the Pride of any Woman, were ſhe worth twelve thouſand a Year; and I han't the Vanity to believe I ſhall ever gain a Lady worth twelve Hundred——The generous, good-natur'd *Sylvia*, in her Smock, I admire; but the haughty, ſcornful *Sylvia*, with her Fortune, I deſpiſe——What, ſneak out of Town, and not ſo much as a Word, a Line, a Compliment!——Odeath! how far off does ſhe live? I'll go and break her Windows.

Wor. Ha, ha, ha; ay, and the Window-Bars too, to come at her——Come, come, Friend, no more of your rough Military Airs.

Enter Kite.

Kite. Captain, Sir! look yonder, ſhe's a coming this way: 'tis the prettieſt, cleaneſt, little Tit!

Plume. Now, *Worthy*, to ſhew you how much I am

am in love;——here she comes; and what is th great Country Fellow with her?

Kite. I can't tell, Sir.

Enter Rose, *and her Brother* Bullock, *and Chickens i her Arm in a Basket*, &c.

Rose. Buy Chickens, young and tender, young a tender Chickens.

Plume. Here, you Chickens!

Rose. Who calls?

Plume. Come hither, pretty Maid.

Rose. Will you please to buy, Sir?

Wor. Yes, Child, we'll both buy.

Plume. Nay, *Worthy*, that's not fair, market fo your self—Come, Child, I'll buy all you have.

Rose. Then all I have is at your Service. [*Court'se*

Wor. Then I must shift for my self, I find. [*Exi*

Plume. Let me see; young and tender, you say. [*Chucks her under the Chi*

Rose. As ever you tasted in your Life, Sir.

Plume. Come, I must examine your Basket to th Bottom, my Dear.

Rose. Nay, for that matter, put in your Hand; see Sir; I warrant my Ware as good as any in the Ma ket.

Plume. And I'll buy it all, Child, were it ten time more.

Rose. I can furnish you.

Plume. Come then, we won't quarrel about th Price, they're fine Birds—— Pray what's your Name pretty Creature?

Rose. Rose, Sir: My Father is a Farmer within three short Mile o'the Town; we keep this Market I sell Chickens, Eggs, and Butter, and my Brothe *Bullock* there sells Corn.

Bullock. Come, Sister, haste, we shall be late home [*Whistles about the Sta*

Plume. Kite! [*Tips him the Wink, he returns.* Pretty Mrs. *Rose*——you have——let me see——ho many?

Ro

Roſe. A dozen, Sir, and they are richly worth a own.

Bull. Come *Ruoſe*, *Ruoſe*, I ſold fifty Strake of ley to-day in half this time; but you will higgle higgle for a Penny more than the Commodity is rth.

Roſe. What's that to you, Oaf? I can make as much of a Groat, as you can out of Fourpence, I'm e———The Gentleman bids fair, and when I meet h a Chapman, I know how to make the beſt of him ———And ſo, Sir, I ſay, for a Crown Piece the rgain's yours.

Plume. Here's a Guinea, my Dear.

Roſe. I can't change your Money, Sir.

Plume. Indeed, indeed, but you can—my Lodging hard by, Chicken, and we'll make change there.

[*Goes off, ſhe follows him.*

Kite. So, Sir, as I was telling you, I have ſeen one theſe *Huſſars* eat up a Ravelin for his Breakfaſt, and erwards pick'd his Teeth with a Palliſado.

Bull. Ay, you Soldiers ſee very ſtrange things; but ay, Sir, what is a Ravelin?

Kite. Why, 'tis like a modern minc'd Pye, but the uſt is confounded hard, and the Plumbs are ſome-hat hard of Digeſtion.

Bull. Then your Palliſado, pray what may he be? ome, *Ruoſe*, pray ha' done.

Kite. Your Palliſado is a pretty ſort of Bodkin, about e Thickneſs of my Leg.

Bull. That's a Fib, I believe. [*Aſide.*] Eh! where's *uoſe*? *Ruoſe*! *Ruoſe*! 'ſfleſh where's *Ruoſe* gone?

Kite. She's gone with the Captain.

Bull. The Captain! Wauns there's no preſſing of omen, ſure.

Kite. But there is, Sir.

Bull. If the Captain ſhou'd preſs *Ruoſe*, I ſhou'd be in'd——Which way went ſhe? O! the Devil take ur Rablins and Palliſadoes. [*Exit.*

Kite. You ſhall be better acquainted with them, ho-ſt *Bullock*, or I ſhall miſs my Aim.

Enter

Enter Worthy.

Wor. Why thou art the moſt uſeful Fellow in Natur to your Captain; admirable in your way, I find.

Kite. Yes, Sir, I underſtand my Buſineſs, I will ſa it——You muſt know, Sir, I was born a Gipſey, an bred among that Crew 'till I was ten Years old, ther I learn'd Canting and Lying; I was bought from m Mother *Cleopatra*, by a certain Nobleman, for thre Piſtoles, who liking my Beauty, made me his Page there I learn'd Impudence and Pimping. I was turn off for wearing my Lord's Linnen, and drinking m Lady's Ratifia, and turn'd Bailiff's Follower; there learn'd Bullying and Swearing. I at laſt got into th Army, and there I learn'd Whoring and Drinking.— So that if your Worſhip pleaſes to caſt up the whol Sum, *viz.* Canting, Lying, Impudence, Pimping Bullying, Swearing, Whoring, Drinking, and a Ha bard, you will find the Sum total to amount to a Re cruiting Serjeant.

Wor. And pray what induc'd you to turn Soldier?

Kite. Hunger and Ambition; the Fears of Starving and Hopes of a Truncheon, led me along to a Gentle man, with a fair Tongue, and fair Perriwig, who load ed me with Promiſes; but 'gad it was the lighteſt Lo that ever I felt in my Life——He promis'd to a vance me, and indeed he did ſo——to a Garret the *Savoy*. I ask'd him why he put me in Priſon; h call'd me lying Dog, and ſaid I was in Garriſon; an indeed, 'tis a Garriſon that may hold out 'till Doom day before I ſhould deſire to take it again. But he comes Juſtice *Ballance*.

Enter Ballance *and* Bullock.

Ball. Here, you Serjeant, where's your Captain Here's a poor fooliſh Fellow comes clamouring t me with a Complaint, that your Captain has preſs his Siſter; do you know any thing of the matte *Worthy!*

Wor. Ha, ha, ha! I know his Siſter is gone wi *Plume* to his Lodgings, to ſell him ſome Chickens.

Bull. Is that all? the Fellow's a Fool.

Ball.

Bull. I know that, an' please you; but if your orſhip pleaſes to grant me a Warrant to bring her ore you, for fear of the worſt.

Ball. Thou'rt mad, Fellow, thy Siſter's ſafe enough.

Kite. I hope ſo too. [*Aſide.*

Wor. Haſt thou no more Senſe, Fellow, than to be- e that the Captain can liſt Women?

Bull. I know not whether they liſt them, or what y do with them: but, I am ſure they carry as many omen as Men with them out of the Country.

Ball. But how came you not to go along with your er?

Bull. Lord, Sir, I thought no more of her going n I do of the Day I ſhall die; but this Gentleman e not ſuſpecting any hurt neither, I believe—— thought no harm, Friend, did you?

Kite. Lackaday, Sir, not I——only that, I believe, all marry her to-morrow. [*Aſide.*

Ball. I begin to ſmell Powder. Well, Friend, but t did that Gentleman with you?

Bull. Why, Sir, he entertain'd me with a fine Story great Fight between the *Hungarians*, I think it , and the *Iriſh*; and ſo, Sir, while we were in the t of the Battle——The Captain carry'd off the gage.

Ball. Serjeant, go along with this Fellow to your tain, give him my humble Service, and deſire him liſcharge the Wench, tho' he has liſted her.

Bull. Ay, and if he been't free for that, he ſhall e another Man in her place.

Kite. Come, honeſt Friend, you ſhall go to my rters inſtead of the Captain's. [*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt* Kite *and* Bullock.

Ball. We muſt get this mad Captain his Comple- t of Men, and ſend him packing, elſe he'll over- the Country.

Wor. You ſee, Sir, how little he values your Daugh- Diſdain.

Ball. I like him the better; I was juſt ſuch another w at his Age: I never ſet my Heart upon any

Woman

Woman so much as to make my self uneasy at the D
appointment; but what was very surprising both to m
self and Friends, I chang'd o'th' sudden, from the mo
fickle Lover, to the most constant Husband in th
World. But how goes your Affair with *Melinda*?

Wor. Very slowly. *Cupid* had formerly Wings, bu
I think, in this Age, he goes upon Crutches; or,
fancy *Venus* had been dallying with her Cripple *Vulc*
when my Amour commenc'd, which has made it go s
so lamely; my Mistress has got a Captain too, but suc
a Captain! As I live yonder he comes.

Ball. Who? that bluff Fellow in the Sash! I don
know him.

Wor. But I engage he knows you, and every bod
at first sight; his Impudence were a Prodigy, were n
his Ignorance proportionable; he has the most un
versal Acquaintance of any Man living, for he won
be alone, and no body will keep him Compan
twice; then he's a *Cæsar* among the Women, *Ven*
Vidi, *Vici*, that's all. If he has but talk'd with th
Maid, he swears he has lain with the Mistress; but th
most surprizing part of his Character is his Memory
which is the most prodigious and the most trifling i
the World.

Ball. I have met with such Men, and I take thi
good for nothing Memory to proceed from a certain
Contexture of the Brain, which is purely adapted t
Impertinencies, and there they lodge secure, the Owne
having no Thoughts of his own to disturb them.
have known a Man as perfect as a Chronologer, as t
the Day and Year of most important Transactions, bu
be altogether ignorant in the Causes, or Consequence
of any one thing of moment; I have known anothe
acquire so much by Travel, as to tell you the Name
of most Places in *Europe*, with their Distances of Mile
Leagues, or Hours, as punctually as a Post-Boy; bu
for any thing else, as ignorant as the Horse that carrie
the Mail.

Wor. This is your Man, Sir, add but the Traveller
Privilege of Lying, and even that he abuses; this is th
Picture, behold the Life.

Enter

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Mr. *Worthy*, I am your Servant, and so forth ——Heark'e, my Dear.

Wor. Whispering, Sir, before Company is not Manners; and when nobody's by, 'tis foolish.

Braz. Company! *Mort de ma vie!* I beg the Gentleman's Pardon; who is he?

Wor. Ask him.

Braz. So I will. My Dear, I am your Servant, and so forth;——your Name, my Dear.

Ball. Very *Laconick*, Sir.

Braz. *Laconick!* A very good Name truly; I have known several of the *Laconicks* abroad, poor *Jack Laconick!* He was kill'd at the Battle of *Landen*. I remember that he had a blue Ribbon in his Hat that very Day, and after he fell we found a piece of Neat's Tongue in his Pocket.

Ball. Pray, Sir, did the *French* attack us, or we them, at *Landen!*

Braz. The *French* attack us! Oons, Sir, you we a Jacobite?

Ball. Why that Question?

Braz. Because none but a Jacobite cou'd think that the *French* durst attack us—No, Sir, we attack'd them there—I have reason to remember the time, for I had two and twenty Horses kill'd under me that Day.

Wor. Then, Sir, you must have rid mighty hard.

Ball. Or perhaps, Sir, like my Countryman, you rid upon half a dozen Horses at once.

Braz. What do you mean, Gentlemen? I tell you they were kill'd, all torn to pieces by Cannon-Shot, except six I stak'd to Death upon the Enemies *Chevaux de Frise.*

Ball. Noble Captain, may I crave your Name?

Braz. *Brazen*, at your Service.

Ball. Oh, *Brazen*, a very good Name; I have known several of the *Brazens* abroad.

Wor. Do you know one Captain *Plume*, Sir?

Braz. Is he any thing related to *Frank Plume*, in *Northamptonshire*?——Honest *Frank!* many, many

a dry Bottle have we crack'd Hand to Fist; you
have known his Brother *Charles* that was concer
in the *India* Company, he marry'd the Daughter
old *Tongue-Pad* the Master in *Chantery*, a very pre
Woman, only squinted a little; she dy'd in Chi
bed of her first Child, but the Child surviv'd; i
a Daughter, but whether 'twas call'd *Margaret*
Margery, upon my Soul, I can't remember: [*Look*
on his Watch.] But, Gentlemen, I must meet a La
a twenty thousand Pounder, presently, upon the W
by the Water——*Worthy*, your Servant; *Locus*
yours. [*Ex*

Ball. If you can have so mean an Opinion of *L*
linda, as to be jealous of this Fellow, I think she ou
to give you cause to be so.

Wor. I don't think she encourages him so much
gaining herself a Lover, as to set me up a Rival; w
there any Credit to be given to his Words, I sho
believe *Melinda* had made him this Assignation; I m
go see; Sir, you'll pardon me.

Ball. Ay, ay, Sir, you're a Man of Business——
But what have we got here?

Enter Rose *singing.*

Rose. And I shall be a Lady, a Captain's Lady,
ride single upon a white Horse with a Star, upo
Velvet Side-saddle; and I shall go to *London*, and
the Tombs, and the Lions, and the Queen. Sir,
please your Worship, I have often seen your Wor
ride through our Grounds a hunting, begging y
Worship's Pardon——Pray what may this Lace
worth a Yard? [*Shewing some L*

Ball. Right *Mechlin*, by this Light! Where did
get this Lace, Child?

Rose. No matter for that, Sir, I came honestly by

Ball. I question it much.

Rose. And see here, Sir, a fine Turkey-Shell Sn
box, and fine Mangere, see here. [*Takes Snuff affect*
The Captain learn'd me how to take it with an Ai

Ball. Oho! the Captain! Now the Murther's
and so the Captain taught you to take it with an A

ſe. Yes, and give it with an Air too——Will Worſhip pleaſe to taſte my Snuff?

[*Offers the Box affectedly.*

all. You are a very apt Scholar, pretty Maid. pray what did you give the Captain for theſe fine gs?

oſe. He's to have my Brother for a Soldier, and or three Sweet-hearts that I have in the Country, ſhall all go with the Captain: O he's the fineſt , and the humbleſt withal: wou'd you believe it, he carry'd me up with him to his own Chamber, h as much Familiarity as if I had been the beſt Lady he Land.

all. Oh! he's a mighty familiar Gentleman as can

Enter Plume *ſinging.*

lume. *But it is not ſo*
With thoſe that go,
Thro' Froſt and Snow,
Moſt a-propo.
My Maid with the Milking-pail.

[*Takes hold of* Roſe.

w, the Juſtice! then I'm arraign'd, condemn'd and cuted.

all. O, my noble Captain!

oſe. And my noble Captain too, Sir.

lume. 'Sdeath, Child, are you mad?——Mr. *Bal-e*, I am ſo full of Buſineſs about my Recruits, that n't a moment's time to——I have juſt now three our People to——

all. Nay, Captain, I muſt ſpeak to you——

oſe. And ſo muſt I too, Captain.

lume. Any other time, Sir——I cannot for my , Sir——

all. Pray, Sir——

lume. Twenty thouſand things——I wou'd—— ——know, Sir, pray——Devil take me——I ot——I muſt—— [*Breaks away.*

Ball.

Ball. Nay, I'll follow you. [Ex

Rose. And I too. [Ex

SCENE, *The Walk by the* Severn *side.*

Enter Melinda, *and her Maid* Lucy.

Mel. And pray, was it a Ring, or Buckle, or Pe dants, or Knots? or, in what Shape was the Almigh Gold transform'd, that has brib'd you ſo much in h Favour.

Luc. Indeed, Madam, the laſt Bribe I had was fro the Captain, and that was only a ſmall piece of *Fla ders* Edging for Pinners.

Mel. Ay, *Flanders* Lace is as conſtant a Preſe from Officers to their Women, as ſomething elſe from their Women to them. They every Year bri over a Cargo of Lace, to cheat the Queen of her Du and her Subjects of their Honeſty.

Luc. They only barter one ſort of prohibited Goo for another, Madam.

Mel. Has any one of 'em been bartering with yo Mrs. *Pert*, that you talk ſo like a Trader?

Luc. Madam, you talk as peeviſhly to me, as if were my Fault; the Crime is none of mine, tho' pretend to excuſe it: Tho' he ſhou'd not ſee you t Week, can I help it? But as I was ſaying, Mad ——— his Friend Captain *Plume* has ſo taken him theſe two Days.

Mel. Pſha! wou'd his Friend, the Captain, we ty'd upon his Back; I warrant he has never be ſober ſince that confounded Captain came to Tow The Devil take all Officers, I ſay—they do the N tion more harm by debauching us at home, than th do good by defending us abroad: No ſooner a Capta comes to Town, but all the young Fellows flock abo him, and we can't keep a Man to ourſelves.

Luc. One wou'd imagine, Madam, by your Co cern for *Worthy*'s Abſence, that you ſhou'd uſe h better when he's with you.

Mel. Who told you, pray, that I was concer for his Abſence? I'm only vex'd that I've had thi

g said to me these two Days: One may like the e, and despise the Lover, I hope; as one may the Treason, and hate the Traitor. O! here es another Captain, and a Rogue that has the fidence to make Love to me; but, indeed, I don't der at that, when he has Assurance to fancy self a fine Gentleman.

r. If he shou'd speak o'th' Assignation, I shou'd be d. [*Aside.*

Enter Brazen.

raz. Truth to the Touch, 'faith! [*Aside.*] Ma- , I am your humble Servant, and all that, Ma- ? A fine River this same *Severn*——Do you love ing, Madam?

el. 'Tis a pretty melancholy Amusement for Lo- .

raz. I'll go buy Hooks and Lines presently; for must know, Madam, that I have serv'd in *Flan-* against the *French*, in *Hungary* against the *Turks*, in *Tangier* against the *Moors*, and I was never so h in Love before; and split me, Madam, in all Campaigns I ever made, I have not seen so fine a nan as your Ladyship.

el. And from all the Men I ever saw, I never so fine a Compliment; but you Soldiers are the bred Men, that we must allow.

raz. Some of us, Madam—But there are Brutes g us too, very sad Brutes; for my own part, I have s had the good luck to prove agreeable—I have very considerable Offers, Madam—I might have 'd a *German* Princess, worth fifty thousand ns a Year, but her Stove disgusted me. The hter of a *Turkish Bashaw* fell in love with me too, I was Prisoner among the Infidels; she offer'd to her Father of his Treasure, and make her Escape me; but I don't know how, my Time was not ; Hanging and Marriage, you know, go by ny: Fate has reserv'd me for a *Shropshire* Lady Twenty thousand Pound—Do you know any Person, Madam?

Mel.

Mel. Extravagant Coxcomb! [*Aside.*] To be sure a great many Ladies of that Fortune, wou'd be pro of the Name of Mrs. *Brazen.*

Braz. Nay, for that matter, Madam, there Women of very good Quality of the Name of *Braz*

Enter Worthy.

Mel. O! are you there, Gentlemen?——Co Captain, we'll walk this way, give me your Hand.

Braz. My Hand, Heart's Blood and Guts are your Service.——Mr. *Worthy*, your Servant Dear. [*Exit, leading* Meli

Wor. Death and Fire, this is not to be borne.

Enter Plume.

Plume. No more it is, faith.

Wor. What?

Plume. The *March* Beer at the *Raven*; I have b doubly ſerving the Queen——raiſing Men, and raiſ the Exciſe—Recruiting and Electing are rare Frie to the Exciſe.

Wor. You a'n't drunk.

Plume. No, no, whimſical only; I cou'd be mig fooliſh, and fancy myſelf mighty witty. Reaſon keeps its Throne, but it nods a little, that's all.

Wor. Then you're juſt fit for a Frolick.

Plume. As fit as cloſe Pinners for a Punk in the P

Wor. There's your Play then, recover me that V ſel from the *Tangerine*.

Plume. She's well rigg'd, but how is ſhe mann'd

Wor. By Captain *Brazen*, that I told you of to d ſhe's call'd the *Melinda*, a Firſt Rate. I can aſſure y ſhe ſheer'd off with him juſt now, on purpoſe affront me: but according to your Advice I wo take no notice, becauſe I wou'd ſeem to be abov Concern for her Behaviour; but have a Care Quarrel.

Plume. No, no, I never quarrel with any thing my Cups but an Oyſter-Wench, or a Cook-Maid; if they been't civil, I knock 'em down: But hea my Friend, I'll make Love, and I muſt make L I'll tell you what, I'll make Love like a Platoon.

W

for. Platoon! how's that?

lume. I'll kneel, ſtoop and ſtand, 'faith; moſt La-
are gain'd by Platooning.

for. Here they come; I muſt leave you. [*Exit.*

lume. Soh! now muſt I look as ſober, and as de-
e, as a Whore at a Chriſtning.

Enter Brazen *and* Melinda.

raz. Who's that, Madam?

lel. A Brother Officer of yours, I ſuppoſe, Sir.

raz. Ay!——my Dear, [*To* Plume.

lume. My Dear. [*Run and embrace.*

raz. My dear Boy, how is it? Your Name, my
? if I be not miſtaken, I have ſeen your Face.

lume. I never ſaw yours in my Life, my Dear——
there's a Face well known, as the Sun's that ſhines
l, and is by all ador'd.

raz. Have you any Pretenſions, Sir?

lume. Pretenſions!

raz. That is, Sir, have you ever ſerv'd abroad?

lume. I have ſerv'd at home, Sir, for Ages ſerv'd
cruel Fair——And that will ſerve the turn, Sir?]

lel. So between the Fool and the Rake, I ſhall
a fine Spot of Work upon my hands———I ſee
by yonder———I cou'd be content to be Friends
him, wou'd he come this way. [*Aſide.*

raz. Will you fight for the Lady, Sir?

lume. No, Sir, but I'll have her notwithſtanding.

ou Peerleſs Princeſs of Salopian *Plains,*
vy'd by Nymphs, and worſhipp'd by the Swains.

raz. Oons, Sir, not fight for her!

lume. Prithee be quiet——I ſhall be out——

hold, how humbly does the Severn *glide,*
greet thee, Princeſs of the Severn *ſide.*

raz. Don't mind him, Madam——If he were not
ll dreſs'd, I ſhou'd take him for a Poet.—But I'll
the Differenoe preſently——Come, Madam,——
place you between us, and now the longeſt Sword
s her. [*Draws.*

l. [*Shrieking.*]

Enter Worthy.

Oh, Mr. *Worthy*, ſave me from theſe Madmen.

[*Exit. with* Wor

Plume. Ha, ha, ha! why don't you follow, Sir, fight the bold Raviſher?

Braz. No, Sir, you are my Man.

Plume, I don't like the Wages, and I won't be y Man.

Braz. Then you're not worth my Sword.

Plume. No! Pray what did it coſt?

Braz. It coſt me twenty Piſtoles in *France*, and Enemies thouſands of Lives in *Flanders*.

Plume. Then they had a dear Bargain.

Enter Sylvia *in Man's Apparel.*

Syl. Save ye, ſave ye, Gentlemen.

Braz. My Dear! I'm yours.

Plume. Do you know the Gentleman?

Braz. No, but I will preſently——-Your Name Dear?

Syl. Wilful; Jack Wilful, at your Service.

Braz. What, the *Kentiſh Wilfuls*, or thoſe of S *fordſhire?*

Syl. Both, Sir, both; I'm related to all the *Wi* in *Europe*, and I'm Head of the Family at preſent.

Plume. Do you live in this Country, Sir?

Syl. Yes, Sir, I live where I ſtand; I have ne Home, Houſe, nor Habitation, beyond this Spo Ground.

Braz. What are you, Sir?

Syl. A Rake.

Plume. In the Army, I preſume.

Syl. No, but I intend to liſt immediately—Lo Gentlement, he that bids me faireſt, has me.

Braz. Sir, I'll preſer you, I'll make you a Cor this Minute.

Plume. Corporal! I'll make you my Compa you ſhall eat with me.

Braz. You ſhall drink with me.

Plume. You ſhall lie with me, you young Rog

[

raz. You ſhall receive your Pay, and do no Duty.
l. Then you ſhall make me a Field-Officer.
lume. Pho, pho, pho! I'll do more than all this; make you a Corporal, and give you a Brevet for eant.
raz. Can you read and write, Sir?
l. Yes.
raz. Then your Buſineſs is done.—I'll make you plain to the Regiment.
l. Your Promiſes are ſo equal, that I'm at a loſs to ; there is one *Plume*, that I hear much commend- n Town; pray, which of you is Captain *Plume?*
lume. I am Captain *Plume.*
raz. No, no, I am Captain *Plume.*
l. Hey-day!
lume. Captain *Plume!* I'm your Servant, my Dear.
raz. Captain *Brazen!* I am yours—— the Fellow not fight.

Enter Kite.

te. Sir, if you pleaſe ———— [*Goes to whiſper* Plume.
lume. No, no, there's your Captain. Captain , your Serjeant is got ſo drunk, he miſtakes me ou.
raz. He's an incorrigble Sot.— Here, my Hector *lborn*, forty Shillings for you.
lume. I forbid the Banes.———— Look'e, Friend, all liſt with Captain *Brazen.*
I will ſee Captain *Brazen* hang'd firſt; I will th Captain *Plume*, I am a Free-born *Engliſhman*, ill be a Slave my own way———— Look'e, Sir. ou ſtand by me? [*To* Brazen.
raz. I warrant you, my Lad.
Then I will tell you, Captain *Brazen*, [*To* ,] that you are an ignorant, pretending impu- Coxcomb.
raz. Ay, ay, a ſad Dog.
A very ſad Dog; give me the Money, noble n *Plume.*
lume. Then you won't liſt with Captain *Brazen!*

Syl. I won't.

Braz. Never mind him, Child, I'll end the Dif
presently———Heark'e, my Dear.

[*Takes* Plume *to one ſide of the Stage, and e*
tains him in dumb Shew.

Kite. Sir, he in the plain Coat is Captain *Plu*
am his Serjeant, and will take my Oath on't.

Syl. What! you are Serjeant *Kite?*

Kite. At your Service.

Syl. Then I would not take your Oath for a
thing.

Kite. A very underſtanding Youth of his A
Pray, Sir, let me look full in your Face?

Syl. Well, Sir, what have you to ſay to my Fa

Kite. The very Image of my Brother; two Bu
of the ſame Caliver were never ſo like: Sure it mu
Charles, Charles.

Syl. What d'ye mean by *Charles?*

Kite. The Voice too, only a little Variatio
Effa ut flat. My dear Brother, for I muſt call
ſo, if you ſhould have the Fortune to enter into
moſt noble Society of the Sword, I beſpeak you
Comrade.

Syl. No, Sir, I'll be the Captain's Comrade, if
body's.

Kite. Ambition there again! 'Tis a noble Paſſi
a Soldier; by that I gain'd this glorious Halbert.
bition! I ſee a Commiſſion in his Face already:
noble Captain, give me leave to ſalute you.

[*Offers to kiſ*

Syl. What, Men kiſs one another!

Kite. We Officers do: 'tis our way; we live
ther like Man and Wife, always either kiſſing or
ing:———But I ſee a Storm coming.

Syl. Now Serjeant, I ſhall ſee who is your C
by your knocking down the other.

Kite. My Captain ſcorns Aſſiſtance, Sir.

Braz. How dare you contend for any thing
not dare to draw your Sword? But you are a
Fellow, and have not been much abroad; I

but prithee resign the Man, prithee do; you are
y honest Fellow.

ume. You lye; and you are a Son of a Whore.
[*Draws, and makes up to* Brazen.

az. Hold, hold, did not you refuse to fight for
Lady?

ume. I always do——But for a Man I'll fight
deep; so you lye again. [Plume *and* Brazen
a Traverse or two about the Stage; Sylvia *draws,*
is held by Kite, *who sounds to Arms with his*
h; takes Sylvia *in his Arms, and carries her off*
age.

az. Hold! where's the Man?

ume. Gone.

az. Then what do we fight for? [*Puts up.*
let's embrace my Dear.

me. With all my heart, my Dear. [*Putting up.*]
ose *Kite* has lifted him by this time. [*Embraces.*

z. You are a brave Fellow, I always fight with
before I make him my Friend; and if once I
will fight, I never quarrel with him afterwards.
nd now I'll tell you a Secret, my dear Friend,
Lady we frighted out of the Walk just now, I
in Bed this Morning——So beautiful, so inviting
presently lock'd the Door——But I am a Man of
ur——But I believe I shall marry her nevertheless
Her twenty thousand Pound, you know, will be a
Conveniency——I had an Assignation with her
but your coming spoil'd my Sport. Curse you,
ar, but don't do so agen.——

ne. No, no, my Dear, Men are my Business at
t. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Walk continues.*

Enter Roſe *and* Bullock *meeting.*

Roſe. WHere have you been, you great Boo you are always out of the way in the t of Preferment.

Bull. Preferment! who ſhould prefer me?

Roſe. I would prefer you! who ſhou'd prefer a M but a Woman? Come throw away that great C hold up your Head, cock your Hat, and look big.

Bull. Ah *Ruoſe*, *Ruoſe*, I fear ſome body will b big ſooner than Folk think of: This Genteel Bree never comes into the Country without a Train of f lowers——Here has been *Cartwheel* your Sweethe what will become of him?

Roſe. Look'e, I'm a great Woman, and will pro for my Relations:——I told the Captain how finel play'd upon the Tabor and Pipe, ſo he has ſet down for Drum-Major.

Bull. Nay, Siſter, why did not you keep that f for me? you know I have always lov'd to be a dr ming, if it were but on a Table, or on a Quart Pot

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. Had I but a Commiſſion in my Pocket, I f my Breeches wou'd become me as well as any ra Fellow of 'em all; for I take a bold Step, a r Toſs, a ſmart Cock, and an Impudent Air, to be principal Ingredients in the Compoſition of a Ca ——————What's here? *Roſe!* my Nurſe's Daug ——I'll go and practice——Come Child, kiſs m once, [*Kiſſes* Roſe:] and her Brother too;——We neſt *Dungfork*, do you know the difference betw Horſe and a Cart, and a Cart-Horſe, eh?

Bull. I preſume that your Worſhip is a Captai your Cloathes and your Courage.

Syl. Suppoſe I were, wou'd you be contented t Friend?

oſe. No, no, tho' your Worſhip be a handſome
n, there be others as fine as you; my Brother is en-
ed to Captain *Plume?*

yl. Plume? Do you know Captain *Plume?*

oſe. Yes, I do, and he knows me—He took the
bands out of his Shirt-Sleeves, and put 'em into
Shoes——See there——I can aſſure you that I
do any thing with the Captain.

ull. That is in a modeſt way, Sir.—Have a care
t you ſay, *Ruoſe*, don't ſhame your Parentage.

oſe. Nay, for that matter, I am not ſo ſimple as to
that I can do any thing with the Captain, but what
ay do with any Body elſe.

yl. So!——And pray what do you expect from
Captain, Child?

oſe. I expect, Sir,—I expect—But he order'd me
ell no body.—But ſuppoſe that he ſhould promiſe
narry me?

yl. You ſhou'd have a care, my Dear; Men will
miſe any thing before-hand.

oſe. I know that, but he promis'd to marry me
rwards.

ull. Wouns, *Ruoſe*, what have you ſaid?

yl. Afterwards? After what?

oſe. After I had ſold my Chickens.——I hope
e's no harm in that.

Enter Plume.

lume. What, Mr. *Wilful*, ſo cloſe with my Market-
man!

yl. I'll try if he loves her. [*Aſide.*] Cloſe, Sir, ay,
cloſer yet, Sir,——Come, my pretty Maid, you
I will withdraw a little.

lume. No, no, Friend, I ha'nt done with her yet.

yl. Nor have I begun with her, ſo I have as good
ight as you have.

lume. Thou art a bloody impudent Fellow.

yl. Sir, I wou'd qualify my ſelf for the Service.

lume. Haſt thou really a mind to the Service?

yl. Yes, Sir: So let her go.

oſe. Pray, Gentlemen, don't be ſo violent.

Plume. Come, leave it to the Girl's own Choice. Will you belong to me, or to that Gentleman?

Rose. Let me consider, you're both very handsome.

Plume. Now the natural Unconstancy of her Sex begins to work.

Rose. Pray, Sir, what will you give me?

Bull. Don't be angry, Sir, that my Sister should be Mercenary, for she's but young.

Syl. Give thee, Child—I'll set thee above Scandal, you shall have a Coach with six before, and six behind, an Equipage to make Vice fashionable, and put Virtue out of countenance.

Plume. Pho, that's easily done; I'll do more for thee, Child, I'll buy a Furbeloe Scarf, and give you a Ticket to see a Play.

Bull. A Play! Wauns, *Rouse*, take the Ticket, and let's see the Show.

Syl. Look'e, Captain, if you won't resign, I'll list with Captain *Brazen* this Minute.

Plume. Will you list with me if I give up my Title?

Syl. I will.

Plume. Take her; I'll change a Woman for a Man at any time.

Rose. I have heard before, indeed, that you Captains us'd to sell your Men.

Bull. Pray, Captain, do not send *Rouse* to the *West-Indies.*

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, *West-Indies!* No, no, my honest Lad, give me thy Hand; nor you, nor she, shall move a step farther than I do—This Gentleman is one of us, and will be kind to you Mrs. *Rose.*

Rose. But will you be so kind to me, Sir, as the Captain wou'd?

Syl. I can't be altogether so kind to you, my Circumstances are not so good as the Captain's; but I'll take care of you, upon my Word.

Plume. Ay, ay, we'll take care of her; she shall live like a Princess, and her Brother here shall be—What wou'd you be?

Bull. O! Sir! If you had not promis'd the Place of Drum-Major———

Plume

lume. Ay, that is promis'd———But what think of Barrack-Maſter? You are a Perſon of Underſtanding, and Barrack-Maſter you ſhall be.———But t's become of this ſame *Cartwheel* you told me of, Dear?

oſe. We'll go fetch him.———Come Brother Bar-Maſter———We ſhall find you at home, noble tain? [*Exeunt* Roſe *and* Bullock.

lume. Yes, yes; and now, Sir, here are your for-hillings.

yl. Captain *Plume*, I deſpiſe your liſting Money: do ſerve, 'tis purely for Love—of that Wench, ean———For you muſt know, that among my er Sallies, I have ſpent the beſt part of my For-e in ſearch of a Maid, and cou'd never find one herto; ſo you may be aſſur'd I'd ſell my Freedom ler a leſs Purchaſe than I did my Eſtate———So ore I liſt, I muſt be certify'd that this Girl is a gin.

Plume. Mr. *Wilful*, I can't tell you how you can be tify'd in that Point till you try; but upon my Hor ſhe may be a Veſtal for aught that I know to the trary.———I gain'd her Heart indeed by ſome tri-g Preſents and Promiſes, and knowing that the beſt urity for a Woman's Soul is her Body, I wou'd have de my ſelf Maſter of that too, had not the Jealouſy my impertinent Landlady interpos'd.

Syl. So you only want an Opportunity for accom-ſhing your Deſigns upon her.

Plume. Not at all, I have already gain'd my Ends, ich were only the drawing in one or two of her llowers. The Women, you know, are the Load-nes every where; gain the Wives, and you are reſs'd by the Husbands; pleaſe the Miſtreſs, and you valu'd by the Gallants; ſecure an Intereſt with e fineſt Women at Court, and you procure the Fa-ur of the greateſt Men———So kiſs the prettieſt untry-Wenches, and you are ſure of liſting the tieſt Fellows. Some People may call this Artifice, t I term it Stratagem, ſince it's ſo main a part of

the Service—Beſides, the Fatigue of Recruiting i
intolerable, that unleſs we cou'd make our ſelves ſ
Pleaſure amidſt the Pain, no mortal Man wou'd be
to bear it.

Syl. Well, Sir, I am ſatisfy'd as to the Poin
Debate; but now let me beg you to lay aſide y
Recruiting Airs, put on the Man of Honour, and
me plainly what Uſage I muſt expect when I am
der your Command.

Plume. You muſt know, in the firſt Place, t
that I hate to have Gentlemen in my Company;
they are always troubleſome and expenſive, ſo
times dangerous; and it's a conſtant Maxim amo
us, that thoſe who know the leaſt, obey the b
Notwithſtanding all this, I find ſomething ſo agre
about you, that engages me to court your Compa
and I can't tell how it is, but I ſhou'd be un
to ſee you under the Command of any body
———Your Uſage will chiefly depend upon your
haviour; only this you muſt expect, that if you c
mit a ſmall Fault, I will excuſe it; if a great one,
diſcharge you: for ſomething tells me, I ſhall no
able to puniſh you.

Syl. And ſomething tells me, that if you do
charge me, 'twill be the greateſt Puniſhment you
inflict; for were we this Moment to go upon
greateſt Dangers in your Profeſſion, they wou'd be
terrible to me, than to ſtay behind you———And
your Hand, this liſts me——— And now you are
Captain.

Plume. Your Friend. [*Kiſſes her.*] 'Sdeath! Th
ſomething in this Fellow that charms me.

Syl. One Favour I muſt beg——— This Affair
make ſome noiſe, and I have ſome Friends that w
cenſure my Conduct, if I threw my ſelf into the
cumſtance of a Private Centinel of my own head-
I muſt therefore take care to be impreſt by A
Parliament; you ſhall leave that to me.

Plume. What you pleaſe as to that——— Will
lodge at my Quarters in the mean time? You
have part of my Bed.

l. O fye! Lie with a common Soldier! Wou'd you rather lie with a common Woman?

lume. No, faith, I'm not that Rake that the World ines! I have got an Air of Freedom, which ple miſtake for Lewdneſs in me, as they miſtake ality in others for Religion—— The World is all eat; only I take mine, which is undeſign'd, to more excuſable than theirs which is hypocritical. rt no body but my ſelf, and they abuſe all Man-d—Will you lie with me?

yl. No, no, Captain, you forget *Roſe*; ſhe's to be Bedfellow, you know.

lume. I had forgot; pray be kind to her.

[Exeunt *ſeverally*.

Enter Melinda *and* Lucy.

Mel. 'Tis the greateſt Misfortune in Nature for a man to want a Confident: We are ſo weak, that can do nothing without Aſſiſtance, and then a Se- racks us worſe than the Cholick———I am at this ute ſo ſick of a Secret, that I am ready to faint a-———Help me, *Lucy*.

Luc. Bleſs me, Madam! What's the matter?-

Mel. Vapours only, I begin to recover——If *Syl-* were in Town, I could heartily forgive her Faults the Eaſe of diſcovering my own.

Luc. You're thoughtful, Madam; am not I wor- to know the Cauſe?

Mel. You are a Servant, and a Secret may make ſaucy.

Luc. Not unleſs you ſhou'd find fault without a uſe, Madam.

Mel. Cauſe or not a Cauſe, I muſt not loſe the Plea- e of chiding when I pleaſe: Women muſt diſcharge ir Vapours ſomewhere, and before we get Huſ- ds our Servants muſt expect to bear with 'em.

Luc. Then, Madam, you had better raiſe me to a gree above a Servant: You know my Family, and t 500 *l.* would ſet me upon the Foot of a Gentle- man, and make me worthy the Confidence of Lady in the Land; beſides, Madam, 'twill ex-

tremely

tremely encourage me in the great Deſign I now have in hand.

Mel. I don't find that your Deſign can be of any great Advantage to you: 'Twill pleaſe me, indeed, in the Humour I have of being reveng'd on the Fool for his Vanity of making Love to me; ſo I don't much care if I do promiſe you five hundred Pound upon my Day of Marriage.

Luc. That is the way, Madam, to make me diligent in the Vocation of a Confident, which I think is generally to bring People together.

Mel. O *Lucy!* I can hold my Secret no longer: You muſt know, that hearing of the famous Fortuneteller in Town, I went diſguis'd to ſatisfy a Curioſity, which has coſt me dear: That Fellow is certainly the Devil or one of his Boſom Favourites, he has told me the moſt ſurpriſing things of my paſt Life.

Luc. Things paſt, Madam, can hardly be reckon'd ſurprizing, becauſe we know them already. Did he tell you any thing ſurprizing that was to come!

Mel. One thing very ſurprizing; he ſaid I ſhou'd die a Maid.

Luc. Die a Maid! Come into the World for nothing ——Dear Madam, if you ſhou'd believe him, it might come to paſs; for the bare Thought on't might kill one in four and twenty Hours——And did you ask him any Queſtions about me?

Mel. You! Why, I paſs'd for you.

Luc. So 'tis I that am to die a Maid———But the Devil was a Lyar from the beginning, he can't make me die a Maid——I have put it out of his power already.

Mel. I do but jeſt, I wou'd have paſs'd for you and call'd my ſelf *Lucy*; but he preſently told me my Name, my Quality, my Fortune, and gave me the whole Hiſtory of my Life——He told me of a Lover I had in this Country, and deſcrib'd *Worthy* exactly, but in nothing ſo well as in his preſent Indifference ——— I fled to him for Refuge here to-day, he never ſo much as encouraged me in my fright, but coldly

ldly told me, that he was ſorry for the Accident, be-
uſe it might give the Town cauſe to cenſure my
onduct, excus'd his not waiting on me home, made
e a careleſs Bow, and walk'd off. 'Sdeath! I cou'd
ve ſtabb'd him, or my ſelf, 'twas the ſame thing——
onder he comes——I will ſo uſe him!

Luc. Don't exaſperate him, conſider what the For-
ne-teller told you: Men are ſcarce, and as Times
o, it is not impoſſible for a Woman to die a Maid.

Enter Worthy.

Mel. No matter.

Wor. I find ſhe's warm'd, I muſt ſtrike while the
on is hot——You have a great deal of Courage,
adam, to venture into the Walks where you were
lately frighten'd.

Mel. And you have a Quantity of Impudence to
ppear before me, that you have ſo lately affronted.

Wor. I had no deſign to affront you, nor appear be-
re you either, Madam: I left you here, becauſe I
ad buſineſs in another place, and came hither think-
ng to meet another Perſon.

Mel. Since you find your ſelf diſappointed, I hope
ou'll withdraw to another part of the Walk.

Wor. The Walk is broad enough for us both. [*They
alk by one another, he with his Hat cock'd, ſhe fret-
ing and tearing her Fan.*] Will you pleaſe to take
nuff, Madam? [*He offers her his Box, ſhe ſtrikes it
ut of his Hand; while he is gathering it up,* Brazen
akes her round the Waiſt, ſhe cuffs him.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. What, here before me, my Dear!

Mel. What means this Inſolence?

Luc. Are you mad? Don't you ſee Mr. *Worthy?*
[*To* Brazen.

Braz. No, no, I'm ſtruck blind——*Worthy!* odſo!
ell turn'd——My Miſtreſs has Wit at her Fingers
nds——Madam, I ask your pardon, 'tis our way
broad——Mr. *Worthy*, you are the happy Man.

Wor. I don't envy your Happineſs very much, if the
Lady can afford no other ſort of Favours but what ſhe
as beſtowed upon you.

Mel.

Mel. I am ſorry the Favour miſcarry'd, for it w
deſign'd for you, Mr. *Worthy*; and be aſſur'd, 'tis th
laſt and only Favour you muſt expect at my Hands—
Captain, I ask your pardon——[*Exit. with* Lucy.

Braz. I grant it, ——You ſee, Mr. *Worthy*, 'tw
only a Random-ſhot, it might have taken off yo
Head as well as mine: Courage, my Dear, 'tis t
Fortune of War; but the Enemy has thought fit t
withdraw, I think.

Wor. Withdraw! Ouns, Sir! what d'ye mean b
withdraw.

Braz. I'll ſhew you.

Wor. She's loſt, irrecoverably loſt, and *Plume*'s A
vice has ruin'd me: 'Sdeath! why ſhou'd I, th
knew her haughty Spirit, be rul'd by a Man that'
Stranger to her Pride?

Enter Plume.

Plume. Ha, ha, ha, a Battle-Royal: Don't frow
ſo, Man, ſhe's your own, I tell you: I ſaw the Fu
of her Love in the Extremity of her Paſſion: T
Wildneſs of her Anger is a certain Sign that ſhe lo
you to Madneſs. That Rogue *Kite* began the Bat
with abundance of Conduct, and will bring you
victorious, my Life on't; he plays his part admirab
ſhe's to be with him again preſently.

Wor. But what cou'd be the meaning of *Braz*
Familiarity with her?

Plume. You are no Logician, if you pretend to dr
Conſequences from the Actions of Fools: There's
arguing by the Rule of Reaſon upon a Science witho
Principles, and ſuch is their Conduct——Whim, u
accountable Whim hurries 'em on like a Man dru
with Brandy before ten a-Clock in the Morning.—
But we loſe our Sport——*Kite* has open'd ab
an Hour ago, let's away. [*Exe*

SCENE, *A Chamber; a Table with Books*
Globes.

Kite *diſguis'd in a ſtrange Habit, ſitting at a T*

Kite. [*Riſing.*] By the Poſition of the Heav
ga

ain'd from my Obſervation upon theſe Celeſtial Globes, I find that *Luna* was a Tide-waiter, *Sol* a urveyor, *Mercury* a Thief, *Venus* a Whore, *Saturn* n Alderman, *Jupiter* a Rake, and *Mars* a Serjeant Granadeers; and this is the Syſtem of *Kite* the onjurer.

Enter Plume *and* Worthy.

Plume. Well, what Succeſs?

Kite. I have ſent away a *Shoemaker* and a *Taylor* eady; one's to be a Captain of Marines, and the her a Major of Dragoons——— I am to manage em at Night——— Have you ſeen the Lady, Mr. *Worthy!*

Wor. Ay, but it won't do——— Have you ſhew'd r her Name, that I tore off from the bottom of the tter?

Kite. No, Sir, I reſerve that for the laſt Stroke.

Plume. What Letter?

Wor. One that I wou'd not let you ſee, for fear that u ſhou'd break Windows in good earneſt.

[*Knocking at the Door.*

Kite. Officers to your Poſt. Mind the Door.

Exeunt Plume *and* Worthy. *Servant opens the Door.*

Enter a Smith.

Smith. Well, Maſter, are you the Cunning Man?

Kite. I am the Learned *Copernicus*.

Smith. Well, Maſter, I'm but a poor Man, and I n't afford above a Shilling for my Fortune.

Kite. Perhaps that is more than 'tis worth.

Smith. Look'e, Doctor, let me have ſomething t's good, for my Shilling, or I'll have my Mo- y again.

Kite. If there be Faith in the Stars, you ſhall have ur Shilling forty-fold——— Your Hand, Country- n, you're by Trade a *Smith*.

Smith. How the Devil ſhou'd you know that?

Kite. Becauſe the Devil and you are Brother-Tradeſ- n——— You were born under *Forceps*.

Smith. Forceps, what's that?

Kite. One of the Signs: There's *Leo*, *Sagittarius*, *Forceps*,

Forceps, Furnet, Dixmude, Namur, Bruſſels, Charleroy, and ſo forth——Twelve of 'em——Let me ſee——Did you ever make any Bombs or Cannon-Bullets?

Smith. Not I.

Kite. You either have or will——The Stars have decreed, that you ſhall be—— I muſt have more Money, Sir,——Your Fortune's great.

Smith. Faith Doctor, I have no more.

Kite. O Sir, I'll truſt you, and take it out of your Arrears.

Smith. Arrears! what Arrears?

Kite. The five hundred Pound that's owing to you from the Government.

Smith. Owing me!

Kite. Owing you, Sir——Let me ſee your to'th Hand——I beg your pardon, it will be owing to you. And the Rogue of an Agent will demand Fifty *per Cent.* for a Fortnight's Advance.

Smith. I'm in the Clouds, Doctor, all this while.

Kite. Sir, I am above 'em, among the Stars—— two Years, three Months and two Hours, you will be made Captain of the Forges to the Grand Train of Artillery, and will have Ten Shillings a Day, and two Servants——'Tis the Decree of the Stars, and of the fix'd Stars, that are as immoveable as your Anvil——Strike, Sir, while the Iron is hot——Fly, Sir, be gone.

Smith. What! what wou'd you have me do, Doctor? I wiſh the Stars wou'd put me in a way for this Place.

Kite. The Stars do——let me ſee——ay, about an Hour hence walk careleſly into the Market place, and you'll ſee a tall, ſlender Gentleman, cheap'ning a Penyworth of Apples, with a Cane hanging upon his Button—This Gentleman will ask you what's a Clock——He's your Man, and the Maker of your Fortune——Follow him, follow him——And now go home, and take leave of your Wife and Children; an Hour hence exactly, is your time.

Smith. A tall ſlender Gentleman, you ſay, with a Cane! Pray, what ſort of Head has the Cane?

Kite.

Kite. An Amber Head, with a black Ribband.

Smith. And pray, of what Employment is the Gentleman?

Kite. Let me see, he's either a Collector of the Excise, or a Plenipotentiary, or a Captain of Granadeers ——— I can't tell exactly which ——— but he'll tell you honest ——— your Name is ———

Smith. Thomas.

Kite. He'll call you honest *Tom.*

Smith. But how the Devil shou'd he know my Name?

Kite. O there are several sorts of *Toms* ——— *Tom o' Lincoln, Tom-tit, Tom Tell-Troth, Tom o' Bedlam,* and *Tom Fool* ——— Be gone ——— An Hour hence prepare.

[*Knocking at the Door.*

Smith. You say, he'll ask me what's a-Clock.

Kite. Most certainly ——— And you'll answer, you don't know ——— And be sure you look at St. *Martin's* Dial; for the Sun won't shine, and if it shou'd, you won't be able to tell the Figures.

Smith. I will, I will. [*Exit.*

Plume. Well done, Conjurer, go on and prosper.

[*Behind.*

Enter a Butcher.

What, my old Friend *Pluck* the Butcher! ——— I offered the surly Bull-Dog five Guineas this Morning, and he refus'd it. [*Aside.*

Butcher. So, Mr. Conjurer, here's Half a Crown ——— and now you must understand ———

Kite. Hold, Friend, I know your Business before-hand ———

Butcher. You're deviliſh cunning then, for I don't well know it my self.

Kite. I know more than you, Friend, ——— You have a fooliſh Saying, that ſuch a one knows no more than the Man in the Moon: I tell you, the Man in the Moon knows more than all the Men under the Sun: Don't the Moon ſee all the World?

Butcher. All the World ſee the Moon, I muſt confeſs.

Kite. Then ſhe muſt ſee all the World, that's certain

tain ——— Give me your Hand ——— You're by Trade either a *Butcher* or a *Surgeon*.

But. True, I am a *Butcher*.

Kite. And a *Surgeon* you will be, the Employment differ only in the Name ——— He that can cut up a Ox, may diſſect a Man; and the ſame Dexterity that cracks a Marrow-bone, will cut off a Leg or an Arm.

But. What d'ye mean, Doctor, what d'ye mean?

Kite. Patience, Patience, Mr. *Surgeon-General*, the Stars are great Bodies, and move ſlowly.

But. But what d'ye mean by *Surgeon-General*, Doctor?

Kite. Nay, Sir, if your Worſhip won't have Patience I muſt beg the Favour of your Worſhip's Abſence.

But. My Worſhip! my Worſhip! but why my Worſhip?

Kite. Nay, then I have done.

But. Pray, Doctor ———

Kite. Fire and Fury, Sir! [*Riſes in a Paſſion.*] Do you think the Stars will be hurried? Do the Stars owe you any Money, Sir, that you dare to dun their Lordſhips at this Rate? ——— Sir, I am Porter to the Stars, and I am ordered to let no Dun come near the Doors.

But. Dear Doctor, I never had no Dealing with the Stars, they don't owe me a Penny ——— But ſince you are their Porter, pleaſe to accept of this Half Crown to drink their Healths, don't be angry.

Kite. Let me ſee your Hand then once more ——— Here has been Gold ——— Five Guineas my Friend in this very Hand this Morning.

But. Nay, then he is the Devil ——— Pray, Doctor were you born of a Woman? or, did you come into the World of your own Head?

Kite. That's a Secret ——— This Gold was offer'd you by a proper handſome Man, call'd *Hawk*, or *Buzzard*, or ———

But. Kite you mean.

Kite. Ay, ay, *Kite*.

But. As arrant a Rogue as ever carried a Halberd. The impudent Raſcal would have decoy'd me for a Soldier.

Kite. A Soldier! a Man of your Subſtance for a Soldier! Your Mother has a hundred Pound in hard Money, lying at this Minute in the Hands of a Mercer, not forty Yards from this Place.

But. Oons! and ſo ſhe has; but very few know ſo much.

Kite. I know it, and that Rogue, what's his Name, *Kite*, knew it, and offer'd you five Guineas to liſt, becauſe he knew your poor Mother wou'd give the Hundred for your Diſcharge.

But. There's a Dog now——— 'ſflesh, Doctor, I'll give you t'other Half-Crown, and tell me that this ſame *Kite* will be hang'd.

Kite. He's in as much Danger as any Man in the County of *Salop*.

But. There's your Fee——— but you have forgot the Surgeon-General all this while.

Kite. You put the Stars in a Paſſion. [*Looks on his Books.*] But now they are pacified again.——— Let me ſee, did you never cut off a Man's Leg?

But. No.

Kite. Recollect, pray.

But. I ſay, no.

Kite. That's ſtrange, wonderful ſtrange; but nothing is ſtrange to me, ſuch wonderful Changes have I ſeen——— The Second, or Third, ay, the Third Campaign that you make in *Flanders*, the Leg of a great Officer will be ſhatter'd by a great Shot; you will be there accidentally, and with your Cleaver chop off the Limb at a Blow: In ſhort, the Operation will be perform'd with ſo much Dexterity, that with general Applauſe you will be made Surgeon-General of the whole Army.

But. Nay, for the matter of cutting off a Limb, I'll do't, I'll do't with any Surgeon in *Europe*; but I have no Thoughts of making a Campaign.

Kite. You have no Thoughts! what's matter for your

your Thoughts; the Stars have decreed it, and you must go.

But. The Stars decree it! Oons, Sir, the Juſtices can't preſs me.

Kite. Nay, Friend, 'tis none of my Buſineſs, I have done; only mind this, you'll know more an Hour and a half hence; that's all, farewell.

But. Hold, hold, Doctor, Surgeon-General! What is the Place worth, pray?

Kite. Five hundred Pounds a Year, beſides Guineas for Claps.

But. Five hundred Pounds a Year!——An Hour and a Half hence, you ſay.

Kite. Prithee, Friend, be quiet, don't be troubleſome, here's ſuch a work to make a Booby Butcher accept of Five hundred Pounds a Year—But if you muſt hear it—I'll tell you in ſhort, you'll be ſtanding in your Stall an Hour and a half hence, and a Gentleman will come by with a Snuff-box in his Hand, and the tip of his Handkerchief hanging out of his right Pocket; he'll ask you the Price of a Loin of Veal, and at the ſame time ſtroak your great Dog upon the Head, and call him *Chopper*.

But. Mercy on us! *Chopper* is the Dog's Name.

Kite. Look'e there——What I ſay is true——things that are to come, muſt come to paſs——Go you home, ſell off your Stock, don't mind the whining and the ſnivelling of your Mother and your Siſter——Women always hinder Preferment——make what Money you can, and follow that Gentleman, his Name begins with a *P*,——mind that——There will be the Barber's Daughter too, that you promiſed Marriage to——ſhe will be pulling and hauling you to pieces.

But. What! know *Sally* too? He's the Devil, and he needs muſt go that the Devil drives. [*Going.*] The tip of his Handkerchief out of his left Pocket.

Kite. No, no, his right Pocket; if it be the left, 'tis none of the Man.

But. Well, well, I'll mind him. [*Exit Plume.*]

Plume. The right Pocket, you ſay.
[*Behind with his Pocket-book.*

Kite. I hear the ruſtling of Silks. [*Knocking.*] Fly, ir, 'tis Madam *Melinda.*

Enter Melinda *and* Lucy.

Kite. Tycho, Chairs for the Ladies.

Mel. Don't trouble yourſelf, we ſhan't ſtay, Doctor.

Kite. Your Ladyſhip is to ſtay much longer than you magine.

Mel. For what?

Kite. For a Husband——— For your part, Madam, ou won't ſtay for a Husband. [*To* Lucy.

Luc. Pray, Doctor, do you converſe with the Stars, r the Devil?

Kite. With both; when I have the Deſtinies of len in ſearch, I conſult the Stars; when the Affairs of Vomen come under my Hands, I adviſe with my other Friend.

Mel. And you have rais'd the Devil upon my ac- ount?

Kite. Yes, Madam, and he's now under the Table.

Luc. O Heavens protect us! Dear Madam, let's be one.

Kite. If you be afraid of him, why do ye come to onſult him?

Mel. Don't fear, Fool; do you think, Sir, that be- uſe I am a Woman, I'm to be fool'd out of my Rea- n, or frighten'd out of my Senſes? Come, ſhew me is Devil.

Kite. He's a little buſy at preſent; but when he has one, he ſhall wait on you.

Mel. What is he doing?

Kite. Writing your Name in his Pocket-Book.

Mel. Ha, ha! my Name! Pray, what have you or e to do with my Name?

Kite. Look'e, fair Lady——— the Devil is a very odeſt Perſon, he ſeeks no body, unleſs they ſeek im firſt; he's chain'd up like a Maſtiff, and can't ſtir, nleſs he be let looſe———You come to me to ave your Fortune told—— Do you think, Madam, that

that I can answer you of my own Head? No, Madam, the Affairs of Women are so irregular, that nothing le than the Devil can give any account of 'em. Now convince you of your Incredulity, I'll shew you a Tri of my Skill—Here, you *Catademo del Plumo*——ext your Power, draw me this Lady's Name, the Wo *Melinda*, in proper Letters and Characters of her ow Hand-writing—do it at three Motions——one—— two—three—'tis done——Now, Madam, will y please to send your Maid to fetch it?

Luc. I fetch it! the Devil fetch me if I do?

Mel. My Name in my own Hand-writing! th wou'd be convincing indeed.

Kite. Seeing's believing. [*Goes to the Table, lifts the Carpet.*] Here *Tre, Tre,* poor *Tre,* give me t Bone, Sirrah. There's your Name upon that squ Piece of Paper, behold——

Mel. 'Tis wonderful, my very Letters to a tittle.

Luc. 'Tis like your Hand, Madam, but not so li your Hand neither; and now I look nearer, 'tis n like your Hand at all.

Kite. Here's a Chambermaid now will out-lye t Devil!

Luc. Look'e, Madam, they shan't impose upon u People can't remember their Hands, no more than th can their Faces——Come, Madam, let us be certai write your Name upon this Paper, then we'll comp the two Names.

[*Takes out a Paper, and folds*

Kite. Any thing for your Satisfaction, Madam—— here's Pen and Ink.

[Melinda *writes*, Lucy *holds the Pap*

Luc. Let me see it, Madam, 'tis the same—— very same.——But I'll secure one Copy for my ow Affairs. [*A*

Mel. This is Demonstration.

Kite. 'Tis so, Madam——The Word Demonstrati comes from *Dæmon* the Father of Lyes.

Mel. Well, Doctor, I am convinc'd; and now, pr what account can you give of my future Fortune?

Ki

Kite. Before the Sun has made one Course round is earthly Globe, your Fortune will be fix'd for Hapneſs or Miſery.

Mel. What! So near the Criſis of my Fate!

Kite. Let me ſee—About the Hour of ten to-morw Morning you will be ſaluted by a Gentleman, ho will come to take his Leave of you, being deſign'd Travel; his Intention of going abroad is ſudden, d the Occaſion a Woman. Your Fortune and his like the Bullet and Barrel, one runs plump into the her.———In ſhort, if the Gentleman travels, he will abroad; and if he does, you will die before he mes home.

Mel. What ſort of Man is he?

Kite. Madam, he's a fine Gentleman and a Lover, t is, a Man of very good Senſe, and a very great ol.

Mel. How is that poſſible, Doctor?

Kite. Becauſe, Madam—becauſe it is ſo—A Won's Reaſon is the beſt for a Man's being a Fool.

Mel. Ten a-Clock, you ſay?

Kite. Ten———about the Hour of Tea-drinking roughout the Kingdom.

Mel. Here, Doctor. [*Gives Money.*] *Lucy*, have you y Queſtions to ask?

Luc. Oh Madam! A thouſand.

Kite. I muſt beg your Patience 'till another time; I expect more Company this Minute; beſides, I ſt diſcharge the Gentleman under the Table.

Luc. O pray, Sir, diſcharge us firſt!

Kite. Tycho, wait on the Ladies down Stairs.

[*Exeunt* Melinda *and* Lucy.

Enter Worthy *and* Plume.

Kite. Mr. *Worthy*, you were pleaſed to wiſh me y to-day, I hope to be able to return the Compliint to-morrow.

Wor. I'll make it the beſt Compliment to you that r I made in my Life, if you do; but I muſt be a aveller, you ſay?

Kite.

Kite. No farther than the Chops of the Channel, I presume, Sir.

Plume. That we have concerted already. [*Knocking hard.*] Hey-day! You don't profess Midwifery Doctor?

Kite. Away to your Ambuscade.

[*Exeunt* Plume *and* Worthy.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Your Servant, Servant, my Dear.

Kite. Stand off, I have my Familiar already.

Braz. Are you bewitch'd, my Dear?

Kite. Yes, my Dear; but mine is a peaceable Spirit, and hates Gun-Powder. Thus I fortify my self. [*Draws a Circle round him.*] and now, Captain, have a care how you force my Lines.

Braz. Lines! What dost talk of Lines! You have something like a Fishing-Rod there, indeed; but come to be acquainted with you, Man.——— What's your Name, my Dear?

Kite. Conundrum.

Braz. Conundrum! Rate me, I knew a famous Doctor in *London* of your Name——— Where were you born?

Kite. I was born in *Algebra.*

Braz. Algebra! 'Tis no Country in *Christendom* I'm sure, unless it be some Place in the Highlands of *Scotland.*

Kite. Right——I told you I was bewitch'd.

Braz. So am I, my Dear; I am going to be married ———I have had two Letters from a Lady of Fortune that loves me to Madness, Fits, Cholick, Spleen, Vapours——— shall I marry her in four and twenty Hours, ay, or no?

Kite. I must have the Year and Day of the Month when these Letters were dated.

Braz. Why, you old Bitch, did you ever hear Love-Letters dated with the Year and Day of the Month? Do you think Billet-Doux are like Bonds Bills?

Kite. They are not ſo good——but if they bear Date, I muſt examine the Contents.

Braz. Contents! That you ſhall, old Boy, here ey be both.

Kite. Only the laſt you receiv'd, if you pleaſe. *akes the Letter.*] Now, Sir, if you pleaſe to let me nſult my Books for a Minute, I'll ſend this Letter clos'd to you with the Demonſtration of the Stars on it to your Lodgings.

Braz. With all my heart——I muſt give him—— *uts his Hands in his Pocket.*] *Algebra*! I fancy, octor, 'tis hard to calculate the Place of your Nati- y——Here:——[*Gives him Money.*] And if I ſuc- d, I'll build a Watch-Tower on the Top of the heſt Mountain in *Wales* for the Study of Aſtrology, d the Benefit of *Conundrums*. [*Exit.*

Enter Plume *and* Worthy.

Wor. O Doctor! That Letter's worth a Million, let ſee it; and now I have it, I'm afraid to open it.

Plume. Pho! let me ſee it? [*Opening the Letter.*] If be a Jilt——Damn her, ſhe is one——There's her me at the bottom on't.

Wor. How! Then I'll travel in good Earneſt——— all my Hopes, 'tis *Lucy*'s Hand.

Plume. Lucy's!

Wor. Certainly———'tis no more like *Melinda*'s racter, than black is to white.

Plume. Then 'tis certainly *Lucy*'s Contrivance to v in *Brazen* for a Husband———But are you ſure not *Melinda*'s Hand?

Wor. You ſhall ſee: where's the bit of Paper I gave juſt now, that the Devil writ *Melinda* upon?

Kite. Here, Sir.

Plume. 'Tis plain they are not the ſame; and is this malicious Name that was ſubſcribed to the Letter, ch made Mr. *Ballance* ſend his Daughter into the ntry?

Wor. The very ſame, the other Fragments I ſhew'd juſt now.

Plume. But 'twas barbarous to conceal this ſo long,

and to continue me so many Hours in the pernicio
Heresy of believing that Angelick Creature co
change: Poor *Sylvia!*

Wor. Rich *Sylvia* you mean, and poor Captain;
ha, ha,—Come, come, Friend, *Melinda* is true,
shall be mine; *Sylvia* is constant, and may be your

Plume. No, she's above my Hopes.——But for
sake I'll recant my Opinion of her Sex.

By some the Sex is blam'd without Design,
Light harmless Censure, such as yours and mine,
Sallies of Wit, and Vapours of the Wine.
Others the Justice of the Sex condemn,
And wanting Merit to create Esteem,
Wou'd hide their own Defects by cens'ring them.
But they, secure in their all-conqu'ring Charms,
Laugh at the vain Efforts of false Alarms;
He magnifies their Conquests who complains,
For none wou'd struggle, were they not in Chains.

[Exe

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Justice* Ballance's *Hous*

Enter Ballance *and* Scale.

Scale. I Say, 'tis not to be borne, Mr. *Ballance.*

Ball. Look'e, Mr. *Scale,* for my own
I shall be very tender in what regards the Offic
the Army; they expose their Lives to so many
gers for us abroad, that we may give them some
of Allowance at home.

Scale. Allowance! This poor Girl's Father
Tenant; and if I mistake not, her Mother
Child for you——Shall they debauch our Da
to our faces?

Ball. Conſider, Mr. *Scale*, that were it not for the avery of the Officers, we ſhou'd have *French* Dragons among us, that wou'd leave us neither Liberty, operty, Wives nor Daughters——Come, Mr. *Scale*, Gentlemen are vigorous and warm, and may they ntinue ſo; the ſame Heat that ſtirs them up to Love, rs them on to Battle: You never knew a great Geral in your Life, that did not love a Whore. This nly ſpeak in reference to Captain *Plume*——for the er Spark I know nothing of.

Scale. Nor can I hear of any body that does—Oh, e they come!

Enter Sylvia, Bullock, Roſe, *Priſoners*; *Conſtable and Mob.*

Conſt. May it pleaſe your Worſhips we took them he very Act, *re infecta*, Sir——This Gentleman, eed, behav'd himſelf like a Gentleman; for he drew Sword and ſwore, and afterwards laid it down and nothing.

Ball. Give the Gentleman his Sword again——— it you without. [*Exit Conſtable and Watch.*] I'm y, Sir, [*To* Sylvia.] to know a Gentleman upon Terms, that the Occaſion of our Meeting ſhould ent the Satisfaction of an Acquaintance.

yl. Sir, you need make no Apology for your War-, no more than I ſhall do for your Behaviour——— Innocence is upon an equal Foot with your Auity.

cale. Innocence! Have not you ſeduc'd that young d?

yl. No, Mr. Gooſecap, ſhe ſeduc'd me.

ull. So ſhe did, I'll ſwear———for ſhe propos'd riage firſt.

all. What, then you are marry'd, Child?

[*To* Roſe.

ſe. Yes, Sir, to my ſorrow.

all. Who was Witneſs?

ull. That was I——I danc'd, threw the Stocking, ſpoke Jokes by their Bed-ſide, I'm ſure.

Ball. Who was the Miniſter?

Bull. Miniſter! we are Soldiers, and want no Miniſter—They were marry'd by the Articles of War.

Ball. Hold thy prating, Fool——Your Appearance, Sir, promiſes ſome Underſtanding; pray, what does this Fellow mean?

Syl. He means Marriage, I think——but that we know is ſo odd a thing, that hardly any two People under the Sun agree in the Ceremony; ſome make a Sacrament, others a Convenience, and others make a Jeſt: but among Soldiers 'tis moſt ſacred——Your Sword, you know, is our Honour, that we lay down——The Hero jumps over it firſt, and the Amazon after——Leap Rogue, follow Whore——The Drum beats a Ruff, and ſo to bed: that's all, the Ceremony is conciſe.

Bull. And the prettieſt Ceremony, ſo full of Extravagance and Prodigality——

Ball. What! Are you a Soldier?

Bull. Ay, that I am—Will your Worſhip lend me your Cane, and I'll ſhew you how I can exerciſe.

Bull. Take it. [*Strikes him over his Head.*] [*To Sylvia.*] Sir, what Commiſſion may you bear?

Syl. I'm call'd Captain, Sir, by all the Coffee-Drawers, Whores, and Groom-Porters in *London*. I wear a red Coat, a Sword, a Hat *bien trouſſe*, a Martial Twiſt in my Cravat, a fierce Knot in my Perriwig, a Cane upon my Button, Picquet in my Head, Dice in my Pocket.

Scale. Your Name, pray Sir?

Syl. Captain *Pinch*: I cock my Hat with a Pinch, I take Snuff with a Pinch, pay my Whores with a Pinch: In ſhort, I can do any thing at a Pinch, fight and fill my Belly.

Bull. And pray, Sir, what brought you into *Shire*?

Syl. A Pinch, Sir; I knew you Country Gentlemen want Wit, and you know, that we Town Gentlemen want Money, and ſo——

Ball. I underſtood you, Sir—Here, Conſtable

Enter Constable.

e this Gentleman into Custody 'till farther Orders.

ose. Pray your Worship don't be uncivil to him, he did me no hurt; he's the most harmless Man in World, for all he talks so.

ale. Come, come, Child, I'll take Care of you.

l. What, Gentlemen, rob me of my Freedom, my Wife at once! 'Tis the first time they ever t together.

all. Hear'e, Constable. [*Whispers him.*

onst. It shall be done, Sir——Come along, Sir.

[*Exeunt Constable, Bullock, and* Sylvia.

all. Come, Mr. *Scale*, we'll manage the Spark pre- y. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Melinda's *Apartment.*

Enter Melinda *and* Worthy.

el. So far the Prediction is right, 'tis ten exactly.

de.] And pray, Sir, how long have you been in travelling Humour?

or. 'Tis natural Madam, for us to avoid what rbs our Quiet.

el. Rather the Love of Change, which is more ral, may be the occasion of it.

or. To be sure, Madam, there must be Charms ariety, else neither you nor I shou'd be so fond

l. You, mistake, Mr. *Worthy*, I am not so fond ariety as to travel for't; nor do I think it Pru- e in you to run yourself into a certain Expence anger, in hopes of precarious Pleasure, which t never answers Expectation, as 'tis evident from Example of most Travellers, that long more to n to their own Country, than they did to go d.

or. What Pleasures I may receive abroad, are in- uncertain; but this I am sure of, I shall meet less Cruelty amongst the most barbarous of Nati- than I have found at home.

l. Come, Sir, you and I have been jangling a

great while; I fancy if we made up our Accounts, shou'd the sooner come to an Agreement.

Wor. Sure, Madam, you won't dispute your be in my debt——My Fears, Sighs, Vows, Promi Assiduities, Anxieties, Jealousies, have run on fo whole Year without any Payment.

Mel. A Year! Oh Mr. *Worthy*! What you owe me is not to be paid under a seven Year's Servitu How did you use me the Year before? when ta the advantage of my Innocence and Necessity, wou'd have made me your Mistress, that is, your S —Remember the wicked Insinuations, artful Baits, ceitful Arguments, cunning Pretences; then your prudent Behaviour, loose Expressions, familiar Le rude Visits; remember those, those, Mr. *Worthy*.

Wor. I do remember, and am sorry I made no be use of 'em. [*Aside.*] But you may remember, Ma that——

Mel. Sir, I'll remember nothing——'Tis your l rest that I should forget: You have been barbarou me, I have been cruel to you; put that and that t ther, and let one ballance the other——Now if will begin upon a new Score, lay aside your adv ring Airs, and behave yourself handsomely 'till be over: here's my Hand, I'll use you as a Gentle shou'd be.

Wor. And if I don't use you as a Gentlew shou'd be, may this be my Poison. [*Kissing her H*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the Coach is at the Door.

Mel. I am going to Mr. *Ballance*'s Country-H to see my Cousin *Sylvia*; I have done her an In and can't be easy 'till I have ask'd her Pardon.

Wor. I dare not Hope for the Honour of w on you.

Mel. My Coach is full; but if you will be so lant as to mount your own Horses, and follow u shall be glad to be overtaken; and if you bring tain *Plume* with you, we shan't have the wors ception.

Wor. I'll endeavour it. [*Exit, leading* Melinda.

SCENE, *The Market-Place.*

Enter Plume *and* Kite.

Plume. A *Baker*, a *Taylor*, a *Smith*, and a *Butcher*—I believe the firſt Colony planted in *Virginia* had more Trades in their Company than I have in me.

Kite. The *Butcher*, Sir, will have his Hands full; we have two Sheep-ſtealers among us———I hear a Fellow too committed juſt now for ſtealing of Horſes.

Plume. We'll diſpoſe of him among the Dragoons—Have we ne'er a *Poulterer* among us?

Kite. Yes, Sir, the King of the Gipſeys is a very good one, he has an excellent Hand at a Gooſe or a Turkey——Here's Captain *Brazen*, Sir, I muſt go after the Men. [*Exit.*

Enter Brazen, *reading a Letter.*

Braz. Um, um, um, the Canonical Hour——Um, very well——My dear *Plume!* Give me a Buſs.

Plume. Half a ſcore, if you will, my Dear: What's got in thy Hand, Child?

Braz. 'Tis a Project for laying out of a thouſand Pound.

Plume. Were it not requiſite to project firſt how to get it in?

Braz. You can't imagine, my Dear, that I want Forty thouſand Pound; I have ſpent twenty times as much in the Service—Now, my Dear, pray adviſe me, my Head runs much upon Architecture, ſhall I build a Privateer or a Play-houſe?

Plume. An odd Queſtion—a Privateer or a Play-houſe! 'Twill require ſome Conſideration——Faith, I like for a Privateer.

Braz. I'm not of your Opinion, my Dear——for in the firſt place a Privateer may be ill built.

Plume. And ſo may a Play-houſe.

Braz. But a Privateer may be ill mann'd.

Plume. And ſo may a Play-houſe.

Braz. But a Privateer may run upon the Shallows

Plume. Not ſo often as a Play-houſe.

Braz. But you know a Privateer may ſpring a Leak.

Plume. And I know a Play-houſe may ſpring a great many.

Braz. But ſuppoſe a Privateer come home with a rich Booty, we ſhould never agree about our Shares.

Plume. 'Tis juſt ſo in a Play-houſe——So, by my Advice, you ſhall fix upon a Privateer.

Braz. Agreed——But if this twenty thouſand Pound ſhou'd not be in Specie——

Plume. What twenty thouſand?

Braz. Hark'e. [*Whiſpers.*

Plume. Marry'd!

Braz. Preſently, we're to meet about half a Mile out of Town at the Water-ſide——and ſo forth—— [*Reads.*] *For fear I ſhou'd be known by any of* Worthy's *Friends, you muſt give me leave to wear my Mask till after the Ceremony, which will make me for ever your*——Look'e there, my dear Dog.

[*Shews the bottom of the Letter to* Plume.

Plume. Melinda! And by this Light, her own Hand. Once more, if you pleaſe, my Dear——Her Hand exactly——Juſt now, you ſay?

Braz. This Minute I muſt be gone.

Plume. Have a little Patience, and I'll go with you.

Braz. No, no, I ſee a Gentleman coming this way, that may be inquiſitive; 'tis *Worthy*, do you know him?

Plume. By ſight only.

Braz. Have a care, the very Eyes diſcover Secrets. [*Exit.*

Enter Worthy.

Wor. To Boot and Saddle, Captain, you muſt mount.

Plume. Whip and Spur, *Worthy*, or you will mount.

Wor. But I ſhall: *Melinda* and I are agreed, and

one to visit *Sylvia*, we are to mount and follow; and ou'd we carry a Parson with us, who knows what ight be done for us both!

Plume. Don't trouble your Head, *Melinda* has se ur'd a Parson already.

Wor. Already! Do you know more than I?

Plume. Yes, I saw it under her Hand——*Brazen* nd she are to meet half a Mile hence at the Water de, there to take Boat, I suppose to be ferry'd over the *Elysian* Fields, if there be any such thing in latrimony.

Wor. I parted with *Melinda* just now, she assur'd e she hated *Brazen*, and that she resolv'd to discard *ucy* for daring to write Letters to him in her Name.

Plume. Nay, nay, there's nothing of *Lucy* in this ——I tell ye I saw *Melinda*'s Hand, as surely as is is mine.

Wor. But I tell you, she's gone this Minute to Jus e *Ballance*'s Country-house.

Plume. But I tell you, she's gone this Minute to the ater-side.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam *Melinda* has sent word, that you need t trouble your self to follow her, because her Jour y to Justice *Ballance*'s is put off, and she's gone to e the Air another way. [*To* Worthy.

Wor. How! her Journey put off!

Plume. That is, her Journey was put off to you.

Wor. 'Tis plain, plain——But how, where, when she to meet *Brazen*?

Plume. Just now, I tell you, half a Mile hence at Water side.

Wor. Up or down the Water?

Plume. That I don't know.

Wor. I'm glad my Horses are ready——*Jack*, get n out.

Plume. Shall I go with you?

Wor. Not an Inch—I shall return presently. [*Exit.*

Plume. You'll find me at the Hall; the Justices are ing by this time, and I must attend them.

SCENE, *A Court of Juſtice:* Ballance, Scale a
Scruple *upon the Bench:* Conſtable, Kite, Mob

Kite *and* Conſtable *advance forward.*

Kite. Pray, who are thoſe honourable Gentlem
upon the Bench?

Conſt. He in the middle is Juſtice *Ballence*, he
the right is Juſtice *Scale*, and he on the left is Juſ
Scruple, and I am Mr. *Conſtable*; four very ho
Gentlemen.

Kite. O dear Sir! I am your moſt obedient
vant: [*Saluting the* Conſtable.] I fancy, Sir,
your Employment and mine are much the ſame;
my Buſineſs is to keep People in order, and if
diſobey, to knock 'em down; and then we are
Staff-Officers.

Conſt. Nay, I'm a Serjeant my ſelf——of the M
tia——Come, Brother, you ſhall ſee me exerc
Suppoſe this a Musket now: Now I am ſhoulder

[*Puts his Staff on's right Shou*

Kite. Ay, you are ſhoulder'd pretty well for a C
ſtable's Staff; but for a Musket you muſt put it o
other Shoulder, my Dear.

Conſt. Adſo! that's true——Come, now give
Word of Command.

Kite. Silence.

Conſt. Ay, ay, ſo we will—We will be ſilent.

Kite. Silence, you Dog, Silence!

[*Strikes him over the Head with his Hal*

Conſt. That's the way to ſilence a Man with a
neſs—What dy'e mean Friend?

Kite. Only to exerciſe you, Sir?

Conſt. Your Exerciſe differs ſo from ours, tha
ſhall ne'er agree about it; if my own Captain h
wen me ſuch a Rap, I had taken the Law of him.

Enter Plume.

Ball. Captain, you're welcome.

Plume. Gentlemen, I thank you.

Scru. Come, honeſt Captain, ſit by me. [*He*
aſcends, and ſits upon the Bench.] Now produce
Pri

ſoners——Here that Fellow there——ſet him up ——Mr. *Conſtable*, what have you to ſay againſt this an?

Conſt. I have nothing to ſay againſt him, an' pleaſe u.

Ball. No! what made you bring him hither?

Conſt. I don't know, an' pleaſe your Worſhip.

Scale. Did not the Contents of your Warrant direct n what ſort of Men to take up?

Conſt. I can't tell, an' pleaſe ye; I can't read.

Scru. A very pretty Conſtable truly——I find we ve no Buſineſs here.

Kite. May it pleaſe the Worſhipful Bench, I deſire be heard in this Caſe, as being Counſel for the een.

Ball. Come, Serjeant, you ſhall be heard, ſince body elſe will ſpeak; we won't come here for hing.

Kite. This Man is but one Man, the Country ſpare him, and the Army wants him; beſides, cut out by Nature for a Granadeer; he's five t ten Inches high; he ſhall box, wreſtle, or dance *Cheſhire* Round with any Man in the Country; gets drunk every Sabbath Day, and he beats his fe.

Wife. You lye, Sirrah, you lye; an' pleaſe your rſhip, he's the beſt-natur'd, pains-paking Man in Pariſh, witneſs my five poor Children.

Scru. A Wife! and five Children! You Conſtable, Rogue, how durſt you impreſs a Man that has a fe and five Children?

Scale. Diſcharge him, diſcharge him.

Ball. Hold, Gentlemen——Heark'e, Friend, how you maintain your Wife and five Children?

Plume. They live upon Wild-foul and Veniſon, Sir; Husband keeps a Gun, and kills all the Hares and idge within five Mile round.

Ball. A Gun! nay, if he be ſo good at Gunning, hall have enough on't——He may be of uſe a- ſt the *French*, for he ſhoots flying, to be ſure.

Scru.

Scru. But his Wife and Children, Mr. *Ballance!*

Wife. Ay, ay, that's the reason you wou'd ſe him away; you know I have a Child every year, a you are afraid they ſhou'd come upon the Pariſh laſt.

Plume. Look'e there, Gentlemen, the honeſt Wo man has ſpoke it at once, the Pariſh had better ma tain five Children this Year, that ſix or ſeven the nex That Fellow, upon his high Feeding, may get you t or three Beggars at a Birth.

Wife. Look'e, Mr. Captain, the Pariſh ſhall get n thing by ſending him away, for I won't loſe Teeming-time if there be a Man left in the Pariſh.

Ball. Send that Woman to the Houſe of Correcti ——and the Man——

Kite. I'll take care of him, if you pleaſe.

[*Takes him a*

Scale. Here, you Conſtable, the next——Se that black-fac'd Fellow, he has a Gun-powder Loo what can you ſay againſt this Man, Conſtable?

Conſt. Nothing but that he's a very honeſt Man.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, let me have one ho Man in my Company, for the Novelty's ſake.

Ball. What are you, Friend?

Mob. A Collier, I work in the Coal-pits.

Scru. Look'e, Gentlemen, this Fellow has a Tr and the Act of Parliament here expreſſes, that we to impreſs no Man that has any viſible Means o Livelihood.

Kite. May it pleaſe your Worſhips, this Man no viſible Means of a Livelihood, for he works u ground.

Plume. Well ſaid, *Kite*; beſides the Army w Miners.

Ball. Right, and had we an Order of Governm for't, we cou'd raiſe you in this and the neighb ing County of *Stafford*, five hundred Colliers wou'd run you under-ground like Moles, and more Service in a Siege than all the Miners in Army.

Scru. Well, Friend, what have you to ſay for your
lf?

Mob. I am marry'd.

Kite. Lack-a-day, ſo am I.

Mob. Here's my Wife, poor Woman.

Ball. Are you marry'd, good Woman?

Wom. I'm marry'd in Conſcience.

Kite. May it pleaſe your Worſhip, ſhe's with Child
Conſcience.

Scale. Who marry'd you, Miſtreſs?

Wom. My Husband ——— we agreed that I ſhou'd
ll him Husband, to avoid paſſing for a Whore; and
at he ſhould call me Wife, to ſhun going for a Sol-
er.

Scru. A very pretty Couple! pray Captain, will
u take 'em both?

Plume. What ſay you, Mr. *Kite*, will you take care
the Woman?

Kite. Yes, Sir, ſhe ſhall go with us to the Sea-ſide,
d there, if ſhe has a mind to drown her ſelf, we'll
e care nobody ſhall hinder her.

Ball. Here, Conſtable, bring in my Man. [*Exit*
nſtable.] Now, Captain, I'll fit you with a Man,
ch as you ne'er liſted in your Life. [*Enter* Con-
ble *and* Sylvia.] Oh! my Friend *Pinch*, I'm very
d to ſee you.

Syl. Well, Sir, and what then?

Scale. What then! Is that your Reſpect to the
nch?

Syl. Sir, I don't care a Farthing for you nor your
nch neither?

Scru. Look'e, Gentlemen, that's enough; he's a
ry impudent Fellow, and fit for a Soldier.

Scale. A notorious Rogue, I ſay, and very fit for a
ldier.

Conſt. A Whore-Maſter, I ſay, and therefore fit to
.

Ball. What think you, Captain?

Plume. I think he is a very pretty Fellow, and
erefore fit to ſerve.

Syl.

Syl. Me for a Soldier! ſend your own lazy, lu berly Son at home; Fellows that hazard their Nec every Day in the purſuit of a Fox, yet dare not pe abroad to look an Enemy in the Face.

Conſt. May it pleaſe your Worſhips, I have a W man at the Door to ſwear a Rape againſt this Rogue.

Syl. Is it your Wife or Daughter, Booby? I raviſh 'em both yeſterday.

Ball. Pray, Captain, read the Articles of W we'll ſee him liſted immediately.

[Plume *reads Articles of War againſt Mutiny a Deſertion.*

Syl. Hold, Sir,——Once more, Gentlemen, h a care what you do, for you ſhall ſeverely ſmart any Violence you offer to me; and you, Mr. *lance*, I ſpeak to you particularly, you ſhall hear repent it.

Plume. Look'e, young Spark, ſay but one W more, and I'll build a Horſe for you as high a Ceiling, and make you ride the moſt tireſome Jour that ever you rid in your Life.

Syl. You have made a fine Speech, good Cap *Hufftap*; but you had better be quiet, I ſhall fi way to cool your Courage.

Plume. Pray, Gentlemen, don't mind him, diſtracted.

Syl. 'Tis falſe———I am deſcended of as goo Family as any in your Country; my Father is as g a Man as any upon your Bench, and I am He Twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Ball. He's certainly mad———Pray, Captain, the Articles of War.

Syl. Hold once more——Pray Mr. *Ballance*, to I ſpeak, ſuppoſe I were your Child, wou'd you u at this rate?

Ball. No, 'faith, were you mine, I wou'd ſend to *Bedlam* firſt, and into the Army afterwards.

Syl. But conſider my Father, Sir, he's as goo generous, as brave, as juſt a Man as ever ſerv Country; I'm his only Child, perhaps the Loſs o may break his Heart.

Ball. He's a very great Fool if it does; Captain, if u don't liſt him this Minute, I'll leave the Court.

Plume. *Kite*, do you diſtribute the Levy-Money to Men, while I read.

Kite. Ay, Sir——Silence, Gentlemen.

[Plume *reads the Articles of War.*

Ball. Very well; now Captain, let me beg the Fa- r of you not to diſcharge this Fellow upon any ac- nt whatſoever. Bring in the reſt.

Conſt. There are no more, an't pleaſe your Wor- p.

Ball. No more! there were five two Hours ago.

yl. 'Tis true, Sir, but this Rogue of a Conſtable the reſt eſcape for a Bribe of eleven Shillings a n, becauſe, he ſaid, this Act allow'd him but ten; he odd Shilling was clear Gains.

ll Juſt. How!

yl. Gentlemen, he offer'd to let me go away for Guineas, but I had not ſo much about me; this ruth, and I'm ready to ſwear it.

ite. And I'll ſwear it; give me the Book, 'tis for good of the Service.

ob. May it pleaſe your Worſhip, I gave him Half own to ſay that I was an honeſt Man; but now, e that your Worſhips have made me a Rogue, I e I ſhall have my Money again.

all. 'Tis my Opinion, that this Conſtable be put the Captain's hands, and if his Friends don't g four good Men for his Ranſom by to-morrow ht——Captain, you ſhall carry him to *Flanders*.

ale. Scruple. Agreed, agreed!

lume. Mr. *Kite*, take the Conſtable into Cuſtody.

ite. Ay, ay,——Sir, [*To the* Conſtable.] will pleaſe to have your Office taken from you? Or you handſomely lay down your Staff, as your Bet- have done before you? [Conſtable *drops his Staff.*

all. Come, Gentlemen, there needs no great Ce- ony in adjourning this Court——Captain, ſhall dine with me.

Kite.

Kite. Come, Mr. Militia Serjeant, I shall file you now, I believe, without your taking the Law me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE, *the Fields.*

Enter Brazen, *leading in* Lucy *masked.*

Brazen. The Boat is just below here.

Enter Worthy *with a Case of Pistols under his Arm*

Wor. Here, Sir, take your Choice.

[*Going between 'em, and offering the*

Braz. What, Pistols! are they charg'd, my Dear?

Wor. With a Brace of Bullets each.

Braz. But I'm a Foot Officer, my Dear, and ne use Pistols, the Sword is my way——— and I wo be put out of my Road to please any Man.

Wor. Nor I neither; so have at you.

[*Cocks one Pi*

Braz. Look'e, my Dear, I don't care for Pi ———Pray, oblige me, and let us have a Bou Sharps; damn it, there's no parrying these Bullets

Wor. Sir, if you ha'n't your Belly full of these Swords shall come in for second Course.

Braz. Why then, Fire and Fury! I have Smoak from the Mouth of a Cannon, Sir; don't t I fear Powder, for I live upon't. Let me see. [*one.*] And now, Sir, how many Paces distant shall fire?

Wor. Fire you when you please, I'll reserve Shot till I am sure of you.

Braz. Come, where's your Cloak!——

Wor. Cloak! what d'ye mean?

Braz. To fight upon; I always fight upon 'tis our way abroad.

Luc. Come, Gentlemen, I'll end the Strife.

[*Unm*

Wor. Lucy! take her.

Braz. The Devil take me if I do——— He [*Fires his Pistol.*] D'ye hear, d'ye hear, you Harrydon, how those Bullets whistle; suppose they been lodg'd in my Gizzard now?

Luc. Pray, Sir, pardon me.

Braz. I can't tell, Child, 'till I know whether my ney be ſafe. [*Searching his Pockets.*] Yes, yes, I pardon you, but if I had you in the *Roſe* Tavern, *ent-Garden*, with three or four hearty Rakes, and ee or four ſmart Napkins, I wou'd tell you another ry, my Dear. [*Exit.*

Wor. And was *Melinda* privy to this?

Luc. No, Sir, ſhe wrote her Name, upon a piece Paper at the Fortune-teller's laſt Night, which I in my Pocket, and ſo writ about it to the Cap- .

Wor. And how can *Melinda*'s Journey be put off?

Luc. At the Town's end ſhe met Mr. *Ballance*'s ward, who told her, that Mrs. *Sylvia* was gone n her Father's, and no body could tell whither.

Wor. Sylvia gone from her Father's! This will be ws to *Plume*. Go home, and tell your Lady how I was being ſhot for her. [*Exeunt.*

er Ballance *with a Napkin in his Hand, as riſen from Dinner, and* Steward.

ew. We did not miſs her till the Evening, Sir; then ſearching for her in the Chamber that was young Maſter's, we found her Clothes there; but Suit that your Son left in the Preſs, when he went *ondon*, was gone.

all. The White trim'd with Silver?

ew. The ſame.

all. You ha'n't told that Circumſtance to any ?

ew. To none but your Worſhip.

all. And be ſure you don't; go into the Dining- m, and tell Captain *Plume* that I beg to ſpeak him.

ew. I ſhall——— [*Exit.*

all. Was ever Man ſo impos'd upon? I had her niſe indeed, that ſhe wou'd never diſpoſe of her without my Conſent. I have conſented with a eſs, given her away as my Act and Deed——

And

And this, I warrant, the Captain thinks will pass; a
I shall never pardon him the Villainy, first of robbi
me of my Daughter, and then the mean Opinion
must have of me, to think that I cou'd be
wretchedly impos'd upon; her extravagant Pass
might encourage her in the Attempt, but the Cont
vance must be his————I'll know the Truth p
sently————

Enter Plume.

Pray, Captain, what have you done with your you
Gentleman Soldier?

Plume. He's at my Quarters, I suppose, with
rest of my Men.

Ball. Does he keep Company with the com
Soldiers?

Plume. No, he's generally with me.

Ball. He lies with you, I presume.

Plume. No, 'faith I offer'd him part of my B
————but the young Rogue fell in love with *Rose*,
has lain with her, I think, since she came to Tow

Ball. So that between you both, *Rose* has b
finely manag'd.

Plume. Upon my Honour, Sir, she had no h
from me.

Ball. All's safe, I find—— Now Captain, you
know, that the young Fellow's Impudence in C
was well grounded; he said I should heartily re
his being listed, and so I do from my Soul.

Plume. Ay! For what Reason?

Ball. Because he is no less than he said he
born of as good a Family as any in this Country,
he is Heir to twelve hundred Pound a Year.

Plume. I'm very glad to hear it————For I wa
but a Man of that Quality to make my Com
a perfect Representative of the whole Commo
England.

Ball. Won't you discharge him?

Plume. Not under a hundred Pound Sterling.

Ball. You shall have it, for his Father is my
mate Friend.

Plume. Then you shall have him for nothing.

Ball. Nay, Sir, you shall have your Price.

Plume. Not a Penny, Sir; I value an Obligation to u much above a hundred Pound.

Ball. Perhaps, Sir, you shan't repent your Genero-——Will you please to write his Discharge in my cket-Book? [*Gives his Book.*] In the mean time, 'll send for the Gentleman. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

to the Captain's Lodging, and enquire for Mr. *Wil-*, tell him his Captain wants him here immediately.

Ser. Sir, the Gentleman's below at the Door, en-ring for the Captain.

Plume. Bid him come up——Here's the Discharge,

Ball. Sir, I thank you——'Tis plain, he had no d in't. [*Aside.*

Enter Sylvia.

Syl. I think, Captain, you might have us'd me bet-than to leave me yonder among your swearing, nken Crew; and you, Mr. Justice, might have been civil, as to have invited me to Dinner, for I have n with as good a Man as your Worship.

Plume. Sir, you must charge our want of Respect, n our Ignorance of your Quality——but now you at liberty——I have discharg'd you.

Syl. Discharg'd me!

Ball. Yes, Sir, and you must once more go home to r Father.

Syl. My Father! Then I am discover'd——Oh, Sir, *eeling.*] I expect no Pardon.

Ball. Pardon! No, no, Child, your Crime shall our Punishment; here, Captain, I deliver her to the Conjugal Power for her Chastisement; e she will be a Wife, be you a Husband, a very sband——when she tells you of her Love, upbraid with her Folly; be modishly ungrateful, because has been unfashionably kind, and use her worse than

than you would any body else, because you can't
her so well as she deserves.

Plume. And are you, *Sylvia*, in good earnest?

Syl. Earnest! I have gone too far to make it a Je
Sir.

Plume. And do you give her to me in good e
nest?

Ball. If you please to take her, Sir.

Plume. Why then I have sav'd my Legs and Arm
and lost my Liberty; secure from Wounds, I am pr
par'd for the Gout; farewel Subsistence, and welco
Taxes——Sir, my Liberty, and hopes of being a G
neral, are much dearer to me than your twelve hu
dred Pound a Year—— But to your Love, Madam,
resign my Freedom, and to your Beauty my Am
tion———greater in obeying at your Feet, than co
manding at the Head of an Army.

Enter Worthy.

Wor. I am sorry to hear, Mr. *Ballance*, that y
Daughter is lost.

Ball. So am not I, Sir, since an honest Gentlem
has found her.

Enter Melinda.

Mel. Pray, Mr. *Ballance*, what's become of
Cousin *Sylvia*?

Ball. Your Cousin *Sylvia* is talking yonder w
your Cousin *Plume*.

Mel. and *Wor.* How!

Syl. Do you think it strange, Cousin, that a W
man should change? But, I hope, you'll excu
Change that has proceeded from Constancy; I alt
my out-side, because I was the same within; and
laid by the Woman, to make sure of my Man; t
my History.

Mel. Your History is a little Romantick, Cou
but since Success has crown'd your Adventures,
will have the World o' your side, and I shall be wil
to go with the Tide, provided you'll pardon an In
I offer'd you in the Letter to your Father.

Plu

Plume. That Injury, Madam, was done to me, d the Reparation I expect ſhall be made to my iend; make Mr. *Worthy* happy, and I ſhall be ſa-ſfy'd.

Mel. A good Example, Sir, will go a great way ———when my Couſin is pleas'd to ſurrender, 'tis obable I ſhan't hold out much longer.

Enter Brazen.

Braz. Gentlemen, I am yours———Madam, I am t yours.

Mel. I'm glad on't, Sir.

Braz. So am I———You have got a pretty Houſe re, Mr. *Latonick.*

Ball. 'Tis time to right all Miſtakes——My Name, , is *Ballance.*

Braz. Ballance! Sir, I am your moſt obedient——— now your whole Generation———had not you an ncle that was Governor of the *Leeward* Iſlands ſome ars ago?

Ball. Did you know him?

Braz. Intimately, Sir———He play'd at *Billiards* a Miracle———You had a Brother too that was aptain of a Fireſhip——poor *Dick*——he had the ſt engaging way with him——of making Punch—— then his Cabbin was ſo neat——but his poor Boy ck was the moſt comical Baſtard——Ha, ha, ha, ha, a pickl'd Dog, I ſhall never forget him.

Plume. Well, Captain, are you fix'd in your Project ? Are you ſtill for the Privateer?

Braz. No, no, I had enough of a Privateer juſt w; I had like to have been pick'd up by a Cruiſer er falſe Colours, and a *French* Pickaroon for ought now.

Plume. But have you got your Recruits, my Dear?

Braz. Not a Stick, my Dear.

Plume. Probably, I ſhall furniſh you.

Enter Roſe *and* Bullock.

Roſe. Captain, Captain, I have got looſe once more, have perſuaded my Sweet-heart *Cartwheel* to go

with us; but you muſt promiſe not to part with again.

Syl. I find Mrs. *Roſe* has not been pleas'd with Bedfellow.

Roſe. Bedfellow! I don't know whether I ha Bedfellow or not.

Syl. Don't be in a Paſſion, Child, I was as pleas'd with your Company, as you cou'd be w mine.

Bull. Pray, Sir, dunna be offended at my Siſ ſhe's ſomething under-bred; but if you pleaſe, lie with you in her ſtead.

Plume. I have promis'd, Madam, to provide this Girl; now will you be pleas'd to let her upon you? or ſhall I take care of her?

Syl. She ſhall be my Charge, Sir; you may find Buſineſs enough to take care of me.

Bull. Ay, and of me, Captain; for wauns! if you lift your Hand againſt me, I'll deſert———

Plume. Captain *Brazen* ſhall take care o' that Dear: Inſtead of the twenty thouſand Pound talk'd of, you ſhall have the twenty brave Recr that I have rais'd at the rate they coſt me——— Commiſſion I lay down, to be taken up by braver Fellow, that has more Merit, and leſs Fortune———Whilſt I endeavour, by the Exa of this worthy Gentleman, to ſerve my Queen Country at home.

With ſome Regret I quit the active Field,
Where Glory full Reward for Life does yield;
But the Recruiting Trade, with all its Train
Of endleſs Plague, Fatigue, and endleſs Pain,
I gladly quit, with my fair Spouſe to ſtay,
And raiſe Recruits the Matrimonial Way. [Exe

PILOGUE.

ALL Ladies and Gentlemen, that are willing to see the Comedy call'd the *Recruiting Officer*, let them repair to-morrow Night, by six a Clock, to the Sign of the *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-Lane*, and they shall be kindly entertain'd.

'e scorn the vulgar Ways to bid you come,
hole Europe *now obeys the Call of Drum.*
he Soldier, not the Poet, here appears,
nd beats up for a Corps *of Volunteers:*
e finds that Musick chiefly does delight ye,
nd therefore chuses Musick to invite ye.

eat the Granadier March——Row, row, tow, entlemen, this piece of Musick, call'd, *An Over- to a Battel*, was compos'd by a famous *Italian* er, and was perform'd with wonderful Success, he great *Opera's* of *Vigo*, *Schellenburgh* and *Blen-*: it came off with the Applause of all *Europe*, pting *France*; the *French* found it a little too rough heir *Delicatesse*.

me that have acted on those glorious Stages,
re here to witness to succeeding Ages,
at no Musick like the Granadeer's engages.

Ladies,

EPILOGUE.

Ladies, we must own, that this Musick of ours is not altogether so soft as *Bononcini's*; yet we dare affirm, that it has laid more People asleep than all *Camilla's* in the World? And you'll condescend to own, that it keeps one awake, better than any Opera that ever was acted.

The Granadeer March seems to be a Composure excellently adapted to the *Genius* of the *English*, for no Musick was ever follow'd so far by us, nor with so much Alacrity; and with all Deference to the present Subscription, We must say, that the Granadeer March has been subscrib'd for by the whole Grand Alliance; and we presume to inform the Ladies, that it likewise has the Pre-eminence abroad, and is constantly play'd by the tallest, handsomest Men in the whole Army. In short, to gratify the present Taste, our Author intends adapting some Words to the Granadeer March, which he intends to have perform'd to-morrow, if the Lady who is to sing it, shou'd not happen to be sick.

This he concludes to be the surest way
To draw you hither; for you'll all obey
Soft Musick's Call, tho' you shou'd damn his Play.

FINIS.